

published monthly since 1866

ne

Fortnightly

FOUNDED IN 1865 BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

MARCH, 1951

MXI N.S.

CONTENTS

Illinois U Library

THOUGHTS ON GERMANY

ORSON WELLES

THE NEW EUROPEAN ATTITUDE IN ASIA
II. POINT 4 AND THE COLOMBO PLAN

TIBOR MENDE

AMERICA'S NEAR-WAR ECONOMY

PETER F. DRUCKER

THE LANGUAGE BARRIER

H. C. DENT

THE INTERDEPENDENCE OF CIVILIZATION

HANS KOHN

THE CARE OF CHILDREN

E. M. MARTIN

W. S. ELIOT AND OLD AGE

GORDON SYMES

STER MATINS—A Poem

W. S. HILL-REID

STABILITY BROWN

NORMAN NICHOLSON

LABY FOR A COUNTRY CHILD—A Poem

IRIS BIRTWISTLE

The Fortnightly Library :

ETHIC AND GREEK ARCHITECTURE F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS

Other Contributors : O. M. Tweedy, N. P. Macdonald, J. F. Burnet, F. S. Boas,
Joseph Braddock, Grace Banyard.

£3s. 6d. or
A. 55 CENTS
CANADA 60 CENTS

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

42s. PER ANNUM or
U.S.A. \$6.50
CANADA \$7.00

ALL CLASSES
OF INSURANCE •
TRANSACTED

MOTOR UNION
INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



A king among craftsmen —

The Cooper

The life of a beer barrel, punishing as it is, may well be ten, twenty or even thirty years. That is a measure of the cooper's mastery of oak and iron. His craft is as highly skilled as any in the land, and behind him are long years of apprenticeship.

beer is best

Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London, W.1

THE FORTNIGHTLY

Published Monthly by The Fortnightly Review, Ltd., at 4, 5 & 6, Soho Sq., London, W.1.

MARCH, 1951

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THOUGHTS ON GERMANY. BY ORSON WELLES	141
A NEW EUROPEAN ATTITUDE IN ASIA	
II. POINT 4 AND THE COLOMBO PLAY. BY TIBOR MENDE	152
AMERICA'S NEAR-WAR ECONOMY. BY PETER F. DRUCKER	161
THE LANGUAGE BARRIER. BY H. C. DENT	169
THE INTERDEPENDENCE OF CIVILIZATION. BY HANS KOHN	176
THE CARE OF CHILDREN. BY E. M. MARTIN	182

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Incorporated by Royal Charter 1939

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING

President—THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.

Chairman of the Council—PROFESSOR H. R. DEAN, M.D., F.R.C.P.

Honorary Treasurer—SIR HOLBURT WARING, Bt., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.

Director—DR. JAMES CRAIGIE, O.B.E., F.R.S.

The Fund was founded in 1902 under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and is governed by representatives of many medical and scientific institutions. It is a centre for research and information on cancer and carries on continuous and systematic investigations in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill. Our knowledge has so increased that the disease is now curable in ever greater numbers.

LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EXTENSION OF OUR WORK.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Sir Holburt Waring, Bt., at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London W.C.2.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ _____ to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund (Treasurer, Sir Holburt Waring, Bt.), at Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2., for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that the Treasurer's receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

CONTENTS—*contd.*

	PAGE
T. S. ELIOT AND OLD AGE. BY GORDON SYMES	186
EASTER MATINS— <i>A Poem.</i> BY W. S. HILL-REID	194
CAPABILITY BROWN. BY NORMAN NICHOLSON	196
LULLABY FOR A COUNTRY CHILD— <i>A Poem.</i> BY IRIS BIRTWISTLE	201

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY :

GOthic AND GREEK ARCHITECTURE. BY F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS ... 202

Other Contributors : *O. M. Tweedy, N. P. Macdonald, J. F. Burnet, F. S. Boas, Joseph Braddock, Grace Banyard.*

¶ While the Editor is glad to consider articles offered for publication, he cannot undertake to return MSS. unless they are accompanied by a stamped envelope.

¶ The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of THE FORTNIGHTLY are at 4, 5 & 6, Soho Square, London, W.1.

¶ Entered as second-class matter, January 4, 1934, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1897 (Sec. 397 P.L. & R.).

¶ Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

WHERE TO STAY

WELLINGTON HOTEL

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Delightfully situated at the summit of the Common facing South. Private suites at moderate terms. Lock-up Garage. Passenger Lift. First - class management.

Hot and cold water and gas fires in bedrooms.

UNSURPASSED FOR SITUATION AND SERVICE

Telephone : 1150. Proprietors : Trust Houses Ltd.

LASTINGHAM GRANGE HOTEL, YORKSHIRE

A charming country house on Yorkshire's beautiful moors. Own farm and garden produce. Genuine hospitality. Terms 5gns. to 8gns. Brochure sent on request. Tel. Lastingham 45.

**"WHOSOEVER shall CALL
on the name of the LORD shall
be delivered."** (Joel ii. 32)

THE CALL FOR DIVINE DELIVERANCE

That ALMIGHTY GOD may deliver
and protect us from the menace of

SATANIC EVIL

and

ANGELIC ERROR

now combining in the effort to gain

WORLD DOMINION :

Use daily 'The Call' [The Prayer] in the
'WHOSOEVER' LEAFLET

For information and free copies write to :-

**THE PANACEA SOCIETY
BEDFORD**

LLANGOLLEN. Hand Hotel. One of the best in N. Wales. H. & C. water all rooms. Facing River Dee, free fishing (trout). A.A. & R.A.C. Tel. 3207.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MARCH, 1951

THOUGHTS ON GERMANY

BY ORSON WELLES

“**A**RM THE GERMANS ?” said the international munitions maker. “Arm the Germans again ?” He was disgusted with the idea. He pulled at his cigar. It had gone out. There was a brief but intense little contest between several people to see who would get to light it for him. A banker from Berne won. Herr Fritz Mandel, presently of Buenos Aires, smoked in silence. Everybody watched him do this, waiting for the oracle to speak again. Finally it did. “If the Russians should march west to-day—they’d cross the Rhine tomorrow.”

In Germany you were almost blinded by the glare of that political reality. Still blinking from it, you’d journeyed down from Berlin, and, in a break in the journey, you’d come upon this real, live munitions maker. How it brought back melodramas of a pre-war pacifist past ! There he was, with a flower in his button-hole, an Argentine girl at his side, a respectful ring of Swiss bankers all about him, smoking an Havana cigar on the borders of an Italian lake. The eyes in the sharply drawn, solid-looking head, are set in a questing expression. They are the eyes of a shrewd hunter, but you surprise in them a curious pallid emptiness—a dead spot. It is as though the centre of a target were painted white, or like the vacuum in the heart of a tornado. It makes him look dangerous.

“Wait and see what happens this time.” Mandel again. He took the cigar from its holder, carefully extinguished it, and sat back, staring across the Lake of Como at nothing. An Italian prince roared by in a speedboat towing an English mannequin on water-skis. Some Americans at the next table were wondering if their ’plane reservations for home were soon enough. Shouldn’t they leave now—right now ? I went down to the dock and hired a boat and put as much lake as possible between myself and Mr. Mandel.

I was still fresh from Germany. Things seen and heard there had given me a kind of indigestion. I’d brought on my trip as part of my baggage a viewpoint as out of date as Mandel’s. I had an open mind but it turned out to be open in the wrong places, at the wrong hours. I’d gone looking for answers and found I’d brought the wrong questions. . . .

“Wasn’t Jesus a Nazi ?” When somebody asked that question I

noticed that it brought a little spasm of polite pain to the fairly frozen face of a Very High Official (British). This happened at a dinner table a few weeks before. We'd been talking about the Passion Play and somebody wanted to be told if it wasn't true that many of the actors were formerly leading Nazis in Oberammergau. Clearly the VHO felt that it didn't matter if they were or not; he regarded the question not merely unnecessary but old-fashioned.

I was beginning to realize about then just how much times have changed. The Germans themselves have changed from a problem to a hope. Most of the other people who were saying that Europe must be saved from a strong Germany were saying now that only a strong Germany can save Europe. One read that before coming there, but still one had gone to Germany expecting to learn something new about the Nazis. But all one heard about were the Communists. Nowadays in *Mittel Europa*, the question of resurgent Fascism is simply out of style as a topic of conversation. In Italy too.

* * * *

I raced the prince around the lake and lost. The bankers must have been already on their way back to Switzerland. Anyway, they were gone when I passed the hotel. Mandel, the real, live munitions maker, was sitting alone. What was he thinking about? It's no use saying it doesn't matter. It matters that he makes the guns and tanks for Perón. Perón matters. And Mandel's thinking, wrong as it may be, is somehow related to the queerly changing shape of our world. He still had the cigar in his mouth and seemed to be looking for a match. Maybe that's what he was thinking about; or maybe he was brooding over the third war.

Brooding is the word, not gloating. Zaharoff used to gloat. But then those were different wars and he never expected the Red Russians to win any of them. Mandel says they're bound to win this next one. I went back over to the other side of the lake and did some brooding of my own.

* * * *

We are preparing to encourage the Germans to fight (or at least impress the Russians). That makes sense. But to fight Communism by encouraging Fascism is something else. In all innocence we might be doing that—at least, incidentally. This, it seems to me, is a practical danger worth talking over. But nobody wants to. You're misunderstood if you raise the issue. The time is past, you're told, for vengeance and retribution. You agree heartily. But that, you try to explain, isn't what you were talking about. Now, please, you would just like to be permitted to ask . . . At

this point, whoever you happen to be asking holds up his hand and the conversation is stopped. "Nobody", you are told, "can stop the German people from wanting to amount to something." And of course, nobody's trying to. Not any more. It isn't any use pointing out that encouraging the Germans doesn't need to be the same thing as encouraging the Nazis. Almost everybody agrees and almost nobody is interested.

The first phase of the Occupation is over. Its tone was frankly punitive. The idea was to keep the Germans down. Now everybody is trying to help the Germans up. (And a comic twist of history finds some of the most dangerous elements refusing to rise—except on their own conditions.) Originally the occupying powers had different ideas about how to do it. But Eisenhower spoke for all four of them when he told the Germans that we were coming not as liberators but as conquerors. That was some little while ago. A lot of meetings have been held since then.

When the Russian bloc rejected the Marshall Plan, a creative idea was changed perforce into a defensive instrument. The borders had been marked out before but now we started digging the trenches. A shifting of attitudes toward Germany followed, and on our side the very purpose of the Occupation was totally altered. We accepted its enormous costs with our avowed intention of seeing to it, by supervision, re-education, rehabilitation, and—if necessary—force, that Germany should not go Nazi again. Whether that expenditure has justified itself or not, we now find ourselves faced with the urgent necessity of spending a great deal more than before to keep Germany—the part we're responsible for—from going Communist. We came to make Germany free of Hitlerism ; we're staying to keep it free of Stalinism.

On the Russian side, the Germans are being told that they must be defended against the war-mongerings of Wall Street and the expansionist aggressions of a capitalist world. In fact, of course, two great power forces, committed to sharing the German land-mass are busy competing for German loyalty.

Nobody should be surprised if the reaction is a little cynical. "So," says the German, "the west will defend us against the east and the east wants to defend us against the west. Very interesting, *meine Herren*. But aren't you really saying that you want *us* to defend *you* ?" The truth is that both sides want Germany to defend itself against the other side. Both sides know that constructive peace cannot begin in Europe as long as Germany is cut in two. It's anybody's guess whether Russia means to promote its own version of peace by open force—to unite Germany by seizing the western half of it.

But the Russians know—and *have* known since Korea—what will

happen if they try. Whether or not the Kremlin is planning to make trouble (the shooting kind of trouble) in Germany, its agents there have long since been getting ready *for* trouble (the shooting kind). All that drilling isn't callisthenics. Hence the current rush to "arm Germany". I use quotation marks not only because the phrase was Herr Mandel's—it's also much overworked in editorials—but because it's an inaccuracy. Or I hope it is.

Herr Mandel has another idea ; he seems to think that we're fixing to equip Germany with a shooting army of its very own. "You'll see what happens," says he darkly. "The moment the Russians take Berlin (and they can do that by telephone) your famous West Zone Free Germans are going to turn around and shoot you with your own guns." Here at least is a point of view frankly expressed concerning the state of health enjoyed by West Zone democracy (read social democracy) in contemporary Germany. But the armament manufacturer seems to imagine that the present notion of the Allies is to finance and equip another German war machine. He is exceptionally well-informed on these matters but I hope this time his information is wrong.

As I understand it, the idea is to use the German industrial potential on behalf of a Western European Army. I'd say if the Germans really are going to get some guns to play with again, that's the way it had better be. (Nobody asked me, of course, but that's what I'd say if they did.)

Mandel was still sitting alone and staring, in that dead way of his, at a dead cigar. I gave him a box of matches. He thanked me and we smiled at each other. After all, why not ? We've got something in common : we've both been married in our time to movie stars.

* * * * *

Honking like a goose, the little *Volkswagen* moved ahead of us on the autobahn. "It is a kind of compulsion," said the German girl, "every German driver simply must on the road pass every other German driver." An Opel, circling around our Mercedes, gained on the car ahead, and vanquished it. "We are lucky. They are most of them eating now," remarked my friend, passing the *Volkswagen*. "Usually on a German road it is much worse." I had been a guest at her place in the country and she was bringing me back to town for lunch. "Now," she told me, "look at his neck." She pointed to the man in the Opel. It was a real German neck. "Look at the way he holds the wheel. He is eager his home to get back to, and there to be stuffing himself with noodle soup. He wants to be the first. Every German," said she, passing the Opel, "wants to be the first." (A leading topic of conversation in Germany is the German

character. I've heard journalists and generals on this subject, to say nothing of a High Commissioner and any number of Germans.) "Here is another one," said the German girl, leaving a second *Volkswagen* behind. "He too is unhappy. He wants his noodle soup. Besides, he has no uniform and he needs one."

We'd left the piney little mountains behind and the bright lakes and crisp wooden houses. We were coming into Munich. Considering everything, there's quite a lot of Munich left: most of the phoney Gothic and some of the real Baroque. The fir trees are still tied to the arches in front of the *Hofbrauhaus*. The men still bustle about their business in *lederhosen*. At eleven sharp each morning the clock-work dancers, painted like toys, wheel gravely in the *Rathaus* tower, and in the niche above, the knights joust on schedule before their nodding iron king. You have to remind yourself that this is the city where both the Nazis and Dadaists wrote their opening manifestos.

"The German," my friend the German girl was saying, "feels naked without a uniform. He needs to march with lots of other Germans or he gets sulky. Also he must have somebody to bully. And always—always—lots of noodle soup. There's no cure for it. No cure at all for being German," she sighed, not very mournfully. "Occupation, education—nothing does any good. This is a country of noodle-souper men."

We stopped at the *Vier Jahreszeiten* for a drink. She bought a newspaper. "I want to read the jokes," she said, but she didn't turn to the comics. Her jokes were on the front page. Another Nazi, we read, had been freshly exonerated having announced himself as a long-time leader in the resistance movement . . . The western allies were discussing the immediate re-arming of Germany. . . . A former high officer of the *Wehrmacht* was advising the *Jugend* to refuse to bear arms until the Fatherland was given an equal voice in foreign affairs. Also war pensions. . . . The German girl, making no comment, drove back to the country, and I sat down to write this.

As mystic, musician and militarist, the German has made himself deeply felt. He has physical courage, creative imagination and a tendency to burst into tears. We all know about his blood-lust, his death-wish and his marvellous sentimental capacity for keeping the festival of Christmas, and let's be frank about it: we're sick to death of him. Also he seems to be fairly sick of himself.

What's to be done? If the German doesn't like himself he can't amount to anything in the world, and when he does manage to persuade himself that he's somebody, doesn't he then start right in persuading the rest of us—and in such a wise that we all wish he'd never been born? Answer: he does and we do.

At what an awesomely square angle he wears his bowler hat or

steel helmet ! Thus and by other means encouraging the fiction of his own stolidity. He believes in this himself. That "Stolid German" business is one of the many great and silly racial myths, like the Lazy Italian, the Dishonest Jew, the Dull Englishman and the Strong and Silent American.

Why on earth is it that the Italians who are forever as busy as spiders want us to believe—and themselves so much believe—that they are shiftless no-accounts, capable only of siestas and serenades ? Then there's that well-syndicated figure, the Dishonest Jew. What about him ? His God, who is a Just God, made him according to the Jewish legend, in His own image, and Mosaic Law, by which most of them live to-day, is almost the origin of honesty. Certainly, nobody has had a more vigorous ethical character than these particular "people of the book". As for the Strong and Silent Americans—well, strong we may be, but silent ? Like the Chinese, who also cultivate an undeserved reputation for not being very communicative we Americans are, in fact, among the most loquacious of humans.

The famous Dull Englishman, damn him, is dull by preference—one of the most infuriating aspects of his true character. He just doesn't think it *chic* to shine. The type of the Cold-Blooded Britisher, as a matter of fact, was invented in the nineteenth century by a public school system which had been revised to train the sons of the new rich to approximate as quickly as possible the aristocracy they were joining, and above all, not to drop their aitches. A century earlier, the Englishman was rather notoriously effusive, but the fear of being caught out as a Cockney was originally responsible for the English notion that a gentleman doesn't show what he feels, and hence to the conviction among others that the Englishman doesn't feel anything. In any mask, there are holes to look through, and behind that stupid elaborately official face we catch in some lights the gipsy glitter of eyes belonging to the real Englishman grinning out at the rest of us—the eyes of Falstaff and Hamlet. The eyes of crazy sea-dogs and wily statesmen—of a desperate, tender-hearted, naïve and demoniac people who are the world's greatest poets, its first humorists, and most thorough-going madmen.

Now nothing irritates Englishmen and Germans alike as much as being told they *are* alike. And they *are*. In so many little ways that only the rest of us notice, but most importantly in their permanent masquerade. If the Englishman wears a dull mask to hide his bright madness, the German's stolid, heavy, unemotional false-face is camouflage for a national genius which is very often hysteria.

"Whatcha writing there, Orson ?" I looked up into a couple of big, pink friendly faces. The Messrs. Schultz and Butterworth, American businessmen. "I've been trying to describe the Germans. Have a beer ?" "My God," said Mr. Schultz. "Lots of good

qualities to the German," said Mr. Butterworth. "Balkanized. Since the war I mean," said Mr. Schultz, toasting us gravely with a brimming beaker of *Lowenbrau*. "The war disrupted things, and then they're all scared of the next one. They're grabbing what they can while they can. Yes, as far as business ethics are concerned, the German is what you might call definitely balkanized."

"He never was any good," said Mr. Butterworth. "Honest maybe but nutty. Look at the Nazis and the nudists. They're all nuts." "Not all of them," said Mr. Schultz. "All of them," said Mr. Butterworth. In the restaurant behind, the orchestra began playing the *Liebestodt*. More business men, many of them German and very prosperously dressed, moved past us on the way to lunch. "I thought you said there were lots of good German qualities?" "I did," said Mr. Butterworth, "I also say the Germans are nuts."

I stopped at Toller Litvak's table. The famous director had been sent from Hollywood to make a film in Munich. I asked him how he liked the studios. "This is the best place for movies in Europe," he told me. "There's real efficiency here—organization. Remember these are serious people."

My host for lunch is the publisher of one of Germany's most responsible weeklies. He'd brought a little group of artists and intellectuals. They all began apologizing to me for not having seen *Kane* and *Ambersons*. "We've been so terribly cut-off, you see. First Hitler, then the war. We haven't seen the Italians either. Not anything of Rossellini's or da Sicca's." Somebody else pointed out to the sculptor who said this that the pictures mentioned are all available to Germany now. To which the sculptor murmured something about the Occupation. This started quite a hubbub.

"We Germans," said my host, "are always blaming somebody. Now it's the Occupation. The trouble with the Germans . . ." And he was off. One expected that most of the talk in *Mittel Europa* to-day would be about the Russians, but I found this true only in the American Press Club. No, the chief topic in Germany is the Germans. It's very like patients in a sanatorium discussing their ailments. Germans do really seem to look upon their race as an affliction. "Poor Germans," I heard an English major saying in a club in Hamburg. "nobody likes 'em. The French don't like 'em. Americans don't like 'em. We don't like 'em. They don't like 'em. Poor blighters, it's true : they don't even like themselves."

I think the Germans are so very busy examining themselves because, having found out that they aren't super-men, they're naturally curious to discover what it is they really are. The self-loathing is a hangover. "To understand us," the publisher was telling me, "you must realize that the German believes everything he hears and nothing he sees." "And what are we up to now?" broke

in a poet rhetorically. "What are we up to, we difficult and dangerous people?"

I said I'd heard the Germans were covering their bets. Like most Americans, my approach to the subject is less metaphysical than political, and without quoting my source (who was an American official), I said I'd been told that many people in the West Zone were contributing to Communist causes, subscribing to Communist papers, and otherwise preparing a neat little record of pro-Soviet friendliness in the event of subsequent invasion by the Red Army and/or Communist Germany's "police force". I wanted the intellectuals to tell me very frankly if this was mere shrewdness, cynicism and insurance, or did it represent genuine sentiment—secret yearnings toward the east and left?

The poet answered me. "Of course," said he, "Germans are all dreaming of a united Germany. But if there's anything new about the dream it's that our highest and most secret hope is that the worst of the battles which will make that dream come true will be fought by others—and fought elsewhere." The poet turned to the waiter. "Bring me some noodle soup," he said.

* * * * *

It was past dawn, and it felt like it. The band had groaned out its last stale set of American hit-tunes when suddenly they began playing the *Horst Wessel*. I've heard since that this is regulation procedure in German night clubs for brightening up the sort of stale crowd that looks as if it wanted to stop drinking and go home. The response now was hearty. People began singing the words and one character near me went so far as to accompany his vocalizing with the Nazi salute.

I stop here to re-state the big fact in Germany: the Occupation. Another fact, even more obvious, is that Germany is a nation, and when it isn't, it wants to be. Now I've a personal viewpoint that has an application to this story: Germany is not so much a civilization as a culture.

With varying degree of success each occupying power is trying to impose in its own zone (along with its own reading of that harassed word "democracy"), its own national culture. In this, only my own people can be said to be getting anywhere. The American *manner* at least, is everywhere touching and changing the daily lives of Germans in the American zone. This is a somewhat subtler and deeper influence than coca-cola and jazz, and it is reaching very particularly the personality and view-point of the young. Like any other foreign influence anywhere, it is sometimes bad, sometimes good, and always a little confusing for everybody concerned. I think

the Germans would be happier if they had something more at hand with which to confront, resist, complement and dilute the impact of America. After those many hungry years of Hitler and Hitler's war they are not very rich in resources. Millions of them are incurably Nazi-bent. Millions more are spiritually impoverished to the point where nothing is invoked by their imagination as a substitute for America that doesn't bear the trade-mark of the swastika and march in goose-step. You can't blame a night club crowd for wanting to hear something more German than *Oklahoma*. It's just too bad that the only substitute they could think of was the *Horst Wessel*. Something had to be done about that Nazi salute, of course, but I couldn't think just what.

I was alone. I was new in Germany, and it was a numbing sort of experience. What was happening was probably not quite illegal enough to justify calling in the military police. I didn't want to make a scene but I didn't like myself at all for avoiding one. I have in my time been scrutinized by certain Government agencies for a tendency known to some investigators as "premature anti-Fascism". Only a few months earlier I had excused myself from a Venetian dinner table where the host and other guests were calling Toscanini, who was not present, a traitor.

But here I sat, a confessed premature anti-Fascist, pop-eyed, mouth-agape and doing nothing while some great roaring boor poisoned the air with Nazi war chants and stuck his stiff arm in my face. I'd been drinking only coffee, but that's certainly no excuse, and it's irrelevant that the young lady who solved my dilemma had been looking fixedly at the wine when it was red.

She now revealed herself as that rarest of German birds : an authentic anti-Nazi. Alas, I never learned her name but she knew several appropriate ones for the gentleman next to me, and these she called out long and clear inviting him to lower his arm. He did not do so, and the band played on. An advocate of direct action as a solution to political difference, the lady thoughtfully removed from a small vase a few dusty geraniums and let swing with it—swinging true. The vase rocketed across the cabaret hitting the Nazi where it could do him the least harm : behind the ears. The martial music fell silent, while cries of shame rang out from the scandalized customers. Yelling like a crazy Indian, an immense female, a good executive type for a concentration camp, rushed from behind the bar and seized the markswoman violently from behind. When she was quite safely pinioned and helpless, her outraged victim—a large man—stepped to her side, and whilst the crowd cheered, commenced striking her in the face.

Gentle reader, I hope you haven't formed such an opinion of my character that it will surprise you to learn that I didn't sit this one out.

I must tell you that one Nazi is one tooth less pretty than he was. And, I'm happy to add, he kept standing up again and asking for more. It was altogether satisfactory and remains one of the nicest memories of my German trip. A memory indeed but slightly tarnished by the fact that the fair damsel in distress, imperfectly grasping the march of events, took the geraniums out of another vase and tossed it at me.

Also the aftermath—like so many aftermaths—was a let-down. The proprietor, instead of closely superintending my very hurried exit, as would the manager of any self-respecting dive anywhere else—came cringingly forward with offers of free champagne, professing himself grateful to have had the establishment purged of such a Nazi pig. After he was patched up, I was assured this Nazi pig would be sent around to my hotel to apologize. Somehow I found this offer even more dumbfounding than the striking of the helpless girl. Over shrill protests, I paid the check, declined a ride home, and went out for a walk.

The taste of victory was already turning sour. For a short moment of foolish vanity I'd felt like a fair imitation of a brave man fighting the good fight against odds. Now it came to me with a pang of something like shame that if they all didn't pile up on me in that Nazi nest, it was only because I was an American, a member of an occupying power. But I couldn't help nursing my loss of pride with the reflection that the Germans are forever making it impossible for us to avoid knocking them down, and—worse still—making us feel guilty for doing it.

His most recent set-back is popularly supposed to have taught Fritz to abhor the sight of uniforms and forever after loathe the sound of march music. Tourists from the victorious democracies can't seem to get over their astonishment at finding German instincts less damaged than German cities. The truth is that human nature in this forest land is neither an invention of Doctor Goebbels nor an easy target for bombs.

After Berlin, my schedule takes me to another pile of ruins—to Rome, the oldest city in Europe as Berlin is the youngest. Perhaps that's why I've been reading myself to sleep with Tacitus on Germany. The observations of that Latin gentleman are just about what they would be if the *Corriere de la Sera* sent him up north on an assignment tomorrow. Germans don't seem to have changed much between Roman and Allied occupations, and the solemn consternation of Signor Tacitus on such a matter as the practical chastity of German wives indicates that Mediterranean reactions have not been subject to much alteration either.

Rome wasn't built in a day, but Berlin was. And it was sacked and pillaged only once. It took two thousand years to perfect the

ruins of Rome. I took a particularly long walk next morning and watched the city waking up and going to work in the midst of its ruins. I've seen bomb damage in London and Coventry, in the north of France and the south of Italy ; nothing as total and terrible as Germany though—and Berlin seems the worst of all.

But in the tender light of early morning, these crippled streets looked not so much like the remains of a city as the beginnings of one. Not so much finished as unfinished. Not so much a ruin but a sketch. It was as if some nervous and rather vulgar god-builder had been called away suddenly from work leaving his studio a mess of half-carved forms, the floor scattered with chips. From the echoing insides of what was once some proud commercial edifice, I heard the plaintive, piping cries of young children at play. Little boys—about four years old, I guessed—dropped into Berlin after the last bomb. I may have imagined it, but they did really seem to be playing soldiers.

Why is it that if you lose a war you're supposed to lose your faults with it ? Can a people be expected to surrender up their personality ? I watched the children making their play battle-ground in the stone shell of that office building on Friederich-strasse, and thought of Italians chattering in some *trattoria* near the baths of Caracala—of young lovers embracing in the shadows of that old Roman *sportpalast*, the Coliseum. I thought of them all sharing the blithe innocence of never having seen the glory that was. To the lovers and the children does it matter if the silhouette of a street has been chewed to tatters by a couple of bombs or a couple of thousand years ?

A NEW EUROPEAN ATTITUDE IN ASIA

II. POINT 4 AND THE COLOMBO PLAN

BY TIBOR MENDE

"WE must embark on a bold new programme for making the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available . . . to help the free peoples of the world, through their own efforts, to lighten their burdens," said President Truman when he launched the Point 4 programme. "This should be a co-operative enterprise in which all nations work together, through the United Nations . . . to help create the conditions that will lead eventually to personal freedom and happiness for all mankind." In its original conception Point 4 had in itself seeds of a magnified lend-lease to answer the widely felt need to even out the material riches of the world. Even if, as sceptics observed, it was merely another weapon in the American arsenal for the "cold war", to develop markets able to soak up some of the U.S. surplus production, it promised real benefits to under-privileged millions. Soon it became evident that this "bold new programme" was to peter out in the arid sands of Congressional procedure. Part of the fault was due to insufficient preparation. There was far too little forethought about how the plans were to be executed. Finally, it was launched with the insignificant capital of £35 million, for the first 18 months. To gauge the inadequacy of this sum, for the whole world's "under-developed areas", it should be compared to the £3,628 million U.S. contribution to European recovery in the same fiscal year (1949-1950)*.

Notwithstanding a New York newspaper's exuberant boast that this modest beginning was "to demonstrate that a humanitarian and democratic capitalism can outdo anything that Communism (in the backward areas) can achieve," the idea behind Point 4 does indeed represent advance in American thinking concerning help to the depressed economic regions of the world.

Instead of a series of imposing public works, as was originally expected, Congress determined that the funds should go for technical assistance only. In the main, so it emerged, Point 4 was merely to

* Point 4—Co-operative Programme for Aid in the Development of Economically Under-developed Areas—Department of State publication, January, 1950. It gets its name from the fact that it was the fourth point Mr. Truman enumerated in his inaugural address to Congress on June 24, 1949.

cover the salaries of about two to three thousand experts and technicians who were to go and advise Governments on desirable development projects. In addition through UNO and with contributions from other members, limited technical assistance programmes, so-called pilot schemes were to be financed. Capital for their extension and realization on a large scale, however, ought to be provided by private investors and the existing lending agencies, like the Import-Export Bank and the International Bank.*

With the U.S. Senate appropriation of this disappointing sum, it became evident that the programme would encounter serious obstacles. Private capital is unwilling to venture into politically insecure lands† and the finding of sufficient numbers of suitably qualified experts for long service in backward countries poses grave difficulties. Rearmament and promising prospects for capital at home only aggravate them. Though insignificant schemes are under preparation, it seems that—in contrast to the original vision—Point 4 is likely to remain a still-born baby.

Though its proposals did not touch the basic problem of economic planning in backward areas, it insisted on socially beneficial projects. In this respect it was a step along the road toward effective economic co-operation between the industrially advanced and the economically backward peoples of the world. Judging from the effective opposition it encountered by important sections of the American legislature, it is justifiable to conclude that, on the basis of present-day U.S. economic and social thinking, Point 4 reached the extreme limits of “liberalism” that can be expected from contemporary America in her relations with depressed areas.

Together with the various schemes worked out and being executed in a number of British and other colonies, Point 4 emerges as an intermediary stage. It stands between the old-fashioned colonialism based on investment motivated by profit only and a still inadequate but more advanced stage where profits are expected from, at least, socially beneficial schemes.

* * * * *

Up to date the most realistic approach to the problem of under-developed areas was inspired by that Western European Government which has advanced furthest to a combination of political and economic democracy. It was due to the British Labour Government's initiative that in successive conferences in Colombo, Sydney

* Import-Export Bank loans are, as a rule, tied to dollar purchases while International Bank loans carry a very high rate of interest, short period of amortization and depend on strict U.S. supervision.

† Of U.S. private long-term investments up to 1948 about one-fifth was located in Europe and the rest primarily in Latin America and Canada. Asia's proportion was insignificant. Since 1948 the trend is the same.

and London, a six-year development plan* was worked out for 450 million peoples inhabiting the Asian parts of the Commonwealth. Countries of the region outside this association of nations—Burma, Thailand, Indo-China and Indonesia—have also been invited to join the great enterprise. Should they decide to do so, for the first time in history, plans could be laid for the co-ordinated development of the whole of south and south-east Asia, almost the entire non-Communist Asia east of Iran.

Comprising 570 millions, a quarter of the human race, this region is proverbially rich in raw materials. Apart from most of the world's jute, nearly all of its rubber, more than three-quarters of its tea, two-thirds of its tin and one-third of its oils and fats, it possesses enormous potential and probable reserves of other essential industrial raw materials. Its mineral resources remain practically unsurveyed. Despite the abundance of human resources, the enormous natural wealth of this area has not in the past been developed rapidly enough to ease the rapidly increasing pressure of population on the land. Once industrialized and the purchasing power of its masses improved, the region could constitute an insatiable market both for the consumer goods and capital equipment industries of the western manufacturing nations. The region's consumer potentiality might banish unemployment from the social structure of the west.

What, then, is new in the Colombo Plan? Nothing but the simple acknowledgment of the inevitable necessity of large-scale regional planning. To be applied to India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, Singapore and North Borneo, investments of £1,868 million are planned over a period of six years.† All the participating countries have pruned their more or less unrealistic development schemes and merged them into a united regional plan based on minimum realizable and essential requirements. Though far from too much for the area's needs, the plan's targets are still in excess of what the participating countries alone can afford. They would have to import about £1,084 millions-worth of goods and services to carry out their share of the scheme. The United Kingdom's contribution over the six years is estimated at over £300 millions, including the repayment of accumulated sterling balances due to the participants. The difference, of approximately £800 million, would have to come from outside sources; from private investments, from loans by the international bank and other supra-national agencies as well as from gifts and grants from other (mainly Commonwealth) Governments interested in the success of the plan.

* The Colombo Plan for Co-operative Economic Development in S. & S.E. Asia—London, September-October 1950. Beginning July 1951.

† Projected distribution: Transport and communications 35%; agriculture 32%; industry and mining 10%; social schemes (housing, health, education, etc.) 18%; fuel and power 6%.

In all the contributory programmes* agriculture, transport, communications and electricity are the chief items. They account for more than two-thirds of the projected total investments. Apart from the problem of how to attract capital to bridge the financial gap, the second headache is the finding of experts and technicians. For this purpose, with an initial capital of £8 million, the Commonwealth Governments have established in Ceylon a council entrusted to select and train (mostly abroad) specialists in conformity with the plan's requirements.

The size of the problem is impressive. Backward conditions, lack of technical skill and inefficient administration are further aggravated by over-population. While the whole region's economy is based on 50 to 80 per cent. agriculture, production methods are archaic and productivity extremely low. In Ceylon, for instance, there are 1,200 people living off the land for every 1,000 acres, as opposed to 60 in Great Britain. Or India, with 306 million acres under cultivation, has 73 million agricultural workers, while the United States, with 360 million acres, has only eight millions working on them. Similar examples might be multiplied. No wonder if in most of these countries food consumption is appreciably below the least to maintain health. In countries where most people have no margin above subsistence level, savings and investment are impossible. This explains in part the relative modesty of the plan.

Nevertheless the Colombo Plan would increase the cultivable area (through irrigation, drainage and other methods) by $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Food grain production would be expanded by a tenth and electric generating capacity by 17 per cent. Even so, nothing more is expected than to hold the position as it is. If present rates of population increase continue, in place of the 570 millions of to-day, by 1970 as many as 720 million mouths will have to be fed. Even if fully realized, therefore, the Colombo Plan would not raise living standards. It would merely prevent their inevitable further fall with predictable social and political consequences. It would, however—and this is perhaps the plan's chief virtue—fortify the economy of the area and provide a sound basis and framework for ordered improvement in the future.

It is well to remember that the projected cost of the Colombo Plan, just over \$5,000 million, is over a hundred times the sum so far allocated for the United States' Point 4 programme. On the other hand, it is less than half of what the United States has been spending or has already appropriated for the European Recovery Programme.

* * * * *

* Except Singapore where problems are different.

Intimate ties with some of the most populous Asian countries through the Commonwealth, practical experience in the administration of under-developed territories, and the Labour Government's ideological approach which favours enlightened co-operation with Asia, are not the only reasons for the British initiative in the field. Its underlying motives may be chiefly economic. But—it is part of that reorientation of political thinking among British Socialists which may be the prelude to certain readjustments in British foreign policy.

The Colombo Plan countries are a major source of the raw materials consumed throughout the industrialized world. Their key products—rubber, tin and jute first of all—have been traditional dollar earners of the sterling area. Against this revenue, they have purchased textiles, machinery, iron and steel and a great variety of other western European industrial products. As a whole this area has always sold more to the U.S.A. than it has purchased from her. On the other hand, its trade has always had a deficit with the United Kingdom and western Europe. Should this south-east Asian dollar surplus grow, through increased production, it might help the United Kingdom, and western Europe, to provide some of the dollars for which they now depend on U.S. grants. Thus, increased dollar earnings by south-east Asia would help to bridge the famous "dollar gap" and might, indirectly, improve western Europe's chances of independence from U.S. aid.*

The question arises whether the required financial assistance from outside sources will be forthcoming to carry out the Colombo Plan. Then the issue has to be faced whether the participating countries will or will not really be able to carry out that part of the plan which they undertook to finance from their own resources. While it is evident that as yet the Colombo Plan is the most advanced stage in Asian-European collaboration, this is the point where certain basic essentially political and social questions have to be considered.

* * * * *

A quick glance at the social achievements of Marshall Aid in, let us say, free enterprise Greece and Italy or socialist Norway will eloquently demonstrate that financial aid in itself is no guarantee of socially beneficial results. Isolated attempts at planning in Asia without preliminary social change, offer similar conclusions.

A typical example is India's struggle for self-sufficiency in food. Though an agricultural country, India has to import each year about one-tenth of her food requirements to provide her population with their present miserably low level of subsistence. The yearly cost of

* The fact that Great Britain was the first among recipients of Marshall Aid to be able temporarily to forgo such assistance (from January 1, 1951) was largely due to the increased dollar earnings of the south-east Asian members of the sterling area.

this approximately 4 million tons of imported food drains off most of the resources which ought to be used for economic development. With enormous publicity, Premier Nehru launched in 1949 a campaign for food self-sufficiency by 1951. Local experts maintained that the target could be achieved and it was declared that by this year no food would be imported. To employ the money thus freed, promising development schemes were drawn up. By now it seems evident that all the money spent on the "extra ten per cent. effort" and "grow more food" campaigns has been wasted. In 1950, partly owing to natural disasters, India had to import more food than in 1949. The producer did not respond to official exhortations for the simple reason that, whatever the "planners" may have said, he could see no valid reason to make the "extra effort". For him no incentives were provided. He still had no money for fertilizers or better implements. His physical strength remained unequal to the task. His debt to the landlord and the money-lender would not have diminished appreciably and he still had no chance to call the land he worked on his own. And here is the social aspect of Asian planning.

The road that will lead to prosperity for the backward areas of the earth must lead through economic planning. But its accompanying changes must produce the *élan* that can move people and their desires. It will remain abortive unless it can stir men's hearts and wake them out of their fatalistic lethargy. It can do it only with the vision of a future with hope. By bolstering the political systems which inherited political rule from the departed colonial powers, improvements in the faulty and self-defeating social structures of the Asian countries are denied. If Soviet Communism is not to capture all backward and under-privileged peoples, western self-interest will have to forestall it by itself sponsoring the inevitable social revolution. The "Huks" of the Philippines can only be liquidated if American advisers in Manila can convince Philippine leaders of the necessity of drastic taxation of the wealthy, the institution of some degree of social security and a radical redistribution of the land. Almost the same applied to China and applies still to most of the countries in Asia.

We have glanced at the main stages of the evolution of the western approach to Asia: from old-fashioned colonialist exploitation through the liberal economic experiment in the Philippines to the American technical assistance programme and, finally, to the Labour Government's regional development. The stage is set for the next phase where western influence and western experience will help to sponsor the social changes necessary to remove the obstacles to enlightened regional planning.

* * * * *

Some 150 million people live on the north-western confines of the Euro-Asian land-mass on an average yearly income of between 300 and 500 U.S. dollars. Most of them are citizens of actual or former colonial powers. Between them and the Asian mainland stretches a belt of peoples living on between 100 and 150 dollars. Beyond this transitory region subsist some 1,300 millions, about half of humanity, on an income less than a tenth of that of the north-western Europeans*.

Along this steep statistical slope one descends toward the East into the bottomless human degradation that is the lot of most of the human race. Somewhere below the hundred-dollar mark one arrives in the regions of the almost universal evil of hunger, preventable disease, low productivity and illiteracy. In this region, practically the whole of Asia, multitudes live without hope and deprived of human dignity. They are overcrowded on coastal plains and in river-valleys fertile enough to respond to their ill-equipped attempts to raise some food.

Faced by this tremendous sprawling expanse of destitution is the thin layer of relatively prosperous westerners guarding the precious heritage of their civilization but on the defensive, weakened by the cancer of their economic and social contradictions. Placed between these two extremes stretches the Soviet Union, once a member of the huge under-privileged family, now engaged in the attempt to raise her living standards largely by her own carefully planned exertions. Inevitably, in the eyes of most Asians, she seems to show the way out of their economic impotence. Their way of thinking conditioned by misery, they tend to be insensitive to the horrors of the political price the U.S.S.R.'s people are paying for their economic achievements. As a rule only their young and vigorous nationalisms prevent them from accepting the economic recipe offered by the Soviet experiment. Pandit Nehru, one of the most intelligent thinkers of present-day Asia, said quite recently : " What I object to about Communism is not its economic theory. Communism minus its methods is Socialism . . ."† It is precisely this Socialist planning without Soviet methods that the industrialized western powers could help

* From a Report to the (U.S.) Senate Committee on Finance, by the National Advisory Council on International Monetary and Financial problems, Dec. 18, 1947. Showing national *per capita* average income in U.S. dollars in the last pre-war year, 1939 :

Germany ...	520	U.S.S.R. ...	158	India ...	34
United Kingdom ...	468	Italy ...	140	Philippines ...	32
Switzerland ...	445	Greece ...	136	China ...	29
Sweden ...	436	Czechoslovakia ...	134	Indonesia ...	22
Holland ...	338	Hungary ...	125		
Denmark ...	338	Bulgaria ...	109		
France ...	283	Yugoslavia ...	96		
Norway ...	279	Poland ...	95		
Belgium ...	261				

† In an interview given to A. T. Steele, published in the *New York Herald Tribune*, Paris Edition, December 12, 1950.

Asians to achieve. This is the only really positive help western Europe could offer to the non-Communist parts of Asia or even to those who, for its *demonstrated* benefits, might leave the Soviet orbit.

In most of the non-Communist countries of contemporary Asia political and economic power is in the hands of a tiny minority. As a rule they are "westernized" and, in some cases, also western educated. Their outlook and their methods have been shaped by the very economic liberalism that stands in the way of the western synthesis of economic and political freedom and, in Asia, prevents a departure in the direction of purposeful economic planning. Proportionate with the forward march of Asian economic planning, the classes associated with its opposition—and regarded as Asian projections of western economic liberalism and political influence—are discarded and eliminated from all positions of influence. While western Europe is painfully edging its way toward the regeneration of the welfare State, its prestige and influence in Asia is attached to classes and personalities opposed to that development. One illustration should suffice: the Indian press, largely in the hands of the country's rich merchants and industrialists, misses no opportunity to praise Britain's Conservative Party while, with equal insistence, they overlook no chance to underrate and to emphasize the failings of the very British Labour Party to whose influence it was due that India was granted her independence. Nationalism evidently is not strong enough to make a rich Indian merchant forget that it is not Mr. Churchill but Mr. Attlee who believes in controlled economy.

Two of the three most important revolutions of modern history occurred in Asia and within the last three decades. Both of them, in Russia as well as in China, launched important segments of the human race on the road of purposeful and planned economic development toward higher standards of living. In their political aspect both revolutions have placed enormous masses under rigid regimentation by a very small, disciplined minority. What surrendered these hundreds of millions to the technological control their ruling minorities can exercise over every aspect of their individual lives, was their longing for a purpose and for material improvement. Great revolutions, however, usually wrought havoc in history through the expansive and diversionary forces they had generated. What turned contemporary Asians into rebels more than anything else, was their claim for their overdue share of human progress. If it was economic planning that seemed to them the road to salvation, the vehicle for the journey must remain the glittering prize of western industry, at the western extremity of the mass of land they inhabit. Their accumulated frustration and revolutionary *élan* might drive them one day, perhaps through the instrumentality of the Soviet

Union itself, to make that industry serve their great purpose.* In the case of Czechoslovakia—with certain qualifications—this is what had already happened. Whether it might happen to the rest of industrialized Europe is the main theme of the current world crisis. Should it ever come to pass, what could have happened through enlightened co-operation—without strengthening the U.S.S.R.—will have been carried out by force and with the enormous material reinforcement and extension of the Soviet system.

One of the basic causes of world instability is the grossly uneven distribution of human wealth and knowledge. To leave it to the Soviet Union to appear to over half of humanity as the sole effective force attempting to rectify this situation, is to demonstrate our lack of faith in the regenerative capability of western civilization. G. D. H. Cole† summed up his opinion in his latest book: “I assume that the most universally important of all the objects of political and social activity is to raise the standards of living of ordinary people in our own country and throughout the world . . . I assume that no other object can claim any allegiance when it conflicts seriously with this primary object . . .”, which comes from a leading figure of the very Fabian Society which nursed and educated British Socialism, the west’s hitherto most effective attempt to extend political democracy into the economic field. It was in its name that the bulk of Britain’s Asian possessions gained their independence. Also, it was the Labour Party’s inspiration that gave birth to the most enlightened approach as yet to Asian-European relations.

A shrinking world imposes new degrees of interdependence. Every step to reconcile the teachings of the Gospels with contemporary society in the west, helps to fade the memory of colonialism in the East. While it reinforces the social structure of western Europe, it offers an alternative to Asia. While giving help and counsel to the man with the wooden plough to save his independence, the man with the machine tool may be helping to save his own.

(The first part of Mr. Mende’s article, “America and the Philippines”, appeared in the February 1951 issue of The Fortnightly.)

* It is reported that both the eastern and western German industry are working on the execution of orders for China. Western Germany’s shipments to Communist China (mostly machinery) during the first eleven months of 1950 amounted to \$8,953,000. They have appreciably increased since October.

† *Essays in Social Theory*. 1950.

AMERICA'S NEAR-WAR ECONOMY

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

IT may cost the United States of America up to a quarter of her national income to be adequately prepared (1) for limited wars like the one in Korea ; (2) for building up the economic and military strength of the free west and the free east ; (3) for immediate conversion to full-scale total warfare, if this is forced upon her. At the present purchasing power of the dollar this may mean an annual military budget of \$65 billions or so.* To reach such a high level of preparedness and production with the speed demanded by the urgency of the situation—say within the next twelve months—will be a tremendous strain upon the economy. Yet a \$65-billion defence budget is still less than half of what America would have to spend for total war (though because of the expansion of her economy it should yield at least two-thirds of the peak production of the 1939-1945 war). In such a limited war economy the civilian consumer would still live better and eat better than in 1941—or indeed in any period except for the past few years. And of course there would be no unemployment whatsoever. While a quarter of American annual production represents a very hefty chunk of manpower, goods, and services, the burden can be borne.

We must assume that the present state of near-war may last five years, ten years, or indeed the rest of our lives. For an unlimited period America must be prepared to swing into total war overnight, if need be ; but she must never get muscle-bound or reach the pinnacle of her strength. She must increase productivity and efficiency all the time—yet never at the expense of the immediate striking power of the armed forces. All America knows so far is how to organize for total war. She is in the position of an athlete who trained for the hundred-yard dash only to find himself competing in the ten-mile run. Until she has reached a state of adequate preparedness her situation will be exactly the same as if she were preparing for immediate total war. In fact, the strain will actually be greater than it was in 1942. For she starts at the peak of a boom. In 1942 she had large reserves of idle plants and literally tremendous reserves of idle manpower : eight million unemployed and another 14 million women and old people who, while not in the visible labour pool, were available for immediate employment. To-day there are no idle plants and

* An American billion is a thousand million.

practically no manpower reserve. In the last war total civilian consumption increased steadily right through 1944 ; this time there will inevitably be an immediate and sharp cut—with the bulk of the cut to come this year, at the start of the programme.

For the first stage of the effort there will be need for credit controls, price controls, wage controls, allocation of materials—all but consumer rationing of foodstuffs, which should remain totally unnecessary as long as America does not have to fight a global war. There will even have to be added some new controls such as an effective ban on strikes and direct allocation of plant space to military production. But by the end of 1951 she should be fairly close to the peak of her permanent effort. The period of dislocation should be about over. And the economy should settle down to a state of "normal" emergency such as Americans could live under indefinitely.

Then it must be the aim of American policy to *de-control* as much as possible. There are three reasons for this. In the first place, controls are tremendous wasters of manpower, which is the scarcest and most productive resource. Experience of the 1939-1945 war indicates that for every man employed in the Government agencies, four or five men in industry and business do nothing but administer controls. Secondly, controls—particularly price and wage controls—freeze economic pattern and inhibit change : and in a permanent war economy, economic progress is perhaps even more essential than in ordinary peacetime. Finally, controls reward the inefficient and penalize initiative. This applies to union leaders fully as much as to manufacturers.

Sufficient controls would have to be kept to ensure priority for military production. This would include allocation of materials, allocation of plant space, and priority in hiring for defence procedure. But there must be no attempt to allocate resources in the 75 per cent. of the economy that is non-war. Controls on the consumer level and plant level in particular should be abolished or kept at a minimum. Instead of wage and price controls there might be wage and price policies : yardsticks of wage and price determination which are self-administering—such as for instance the cost-of-living formula and the automatic productivity increase of the recent General Motors wage contract.

But how will inflation be prevented without price and wage controls ? The answer is that in a permanent war economy—whether limited or total—inflation is far too serious a threat to be kept under by any sort of controls, no matter how stringent. In the last war America actually had little inflationary pressure—though a great deal was talked about it. It was not until well into 1944 that she reached the limits of her manpower and plant capacity ; until then a large

part of the increase in money income was still absorbed by an increase in the production of goods. This time, with full employment, every dollar spent for military purposes will immediately turn into inflationary pressure. Controls would quickly prove impotent and would break down in black markets, in dodges to raise wages—the so-called “fringe benefits,” such as pensions, health insurance and overtime provisions, would serve admirably—and in general economic demoralization. For controls do not eliminate inflationary pressure ; they only drive it underground. Even more important: planning must be for a permanent situation—whereas in the war inflation was tackled on a temporary basis. This means that controls are not only impotent as an inflation-fighter ; they may increase the danger by building up hidden pressure.

It also means that we cannot possibly rely on Government borrowing—the sale of war bonds to the public—to “drain off excess purchasing power.” By now practically every economist in the United States has concluded that we should have paid for a far larger proportion of the cost of the war in taxes and should have relied much less on borrowing. The arguments of the “soundness” of building up post-war purchasing power through defence bonds are now recognized to have been mostly in economic rationalization of the politically expedient. If we figure on an indefinite emergency, financing through bonds becomes highly unwise, as President Truman stressed in his speech last September. After a few years people would be wanting to spend their savings. Also five years of such financing would build up a post-war inflation that would wreck the economy. Finally, it is not reliable enough. People may stop buying the bonds or may even start cashing them at the first hint that their purchasing power will go down or that the unlimited cashing privilege will be curtailed or withdrawn.

To be able really to stand a limited war-economy indefinitely we must finance the entire military expenditure out of tax income. Economically this is the only sound way ; a limited war-economy is a period of permanent inflationary boom in which, according to all economists regardless of school, the Government budget has to operate at a surplus to prevent catastrophe. It is also the only sound way politically ; inflation presents the greatest danger to social and political stability. Finally it is psychologically sound ; the tension of a permanent crisis is bearable only if people are being told the hard truths.

It should be possible to cut down the tax bill by ten billion dollars or so—partly by eliminating agricultural subsidies (which become unnecessary in a war economy), partly by cutting down on non-defence Government activities. And of course America was already spending fifteen billions or so on military expenditures before Korea.

This would however, still leave \$40 billion a year to be raised in new taxes. Higher taxes on large personal incomes, on corporation incomes, and on excess profits could at best bring in one-fifth of this amount. The excess profits tax in particular may be quite ineffectual. Right through the post-war period most of the potential war industries—steel, automobiles, chemicals, the electrical industry—have been running at capacity anyhow. They are likely to make less money on Government orders, with their fixed ten per cent. profit margin, than they have made during the past few years—and it is the earnings for these past few years which would serve as the base for determining what are “excess profits.”

The bulk of Government resources will have to come from the income groups earning less than \$7,500 a year. It is they, of course, who earn most of the total income which must be tapped, and it is they whose spending causes most of the inflationary pressure.

Either of the two ways of effective mass taxation—a higher income tax and a sales tax—has a lot to commend itself. Income taxes are easily collected and hard to evade : in the withholding method there is already an all but foolproof system of collection in operation. The income tax organization can allow taxpayers to accumulate post-war credits—as the British successfully did during the last war—which would sugar the pill a good deal and make it at least look like a combined tax and bond-buying programme. A sales tax on the other hand would require a new collecting organization. It is also fairly easy to evade and might encourage boot-legging. But it attacks inflationary purchasing power at the source. Above all it encourages and rewards non-spending—whereas a very high income tax might do the opposite. And we should be able to answer the strongest objections against its impact by borrowing another British device ; subsidies to the lowest income families to bring their purchasing power up to the national minimum.

Whichever method is adopted, it will have to be on a truly heroic scale. If it is a sales tax the rate would have to be 20 per cent. or more ; if an income tax, we would probably have to put a flat 20 per cent. “emergency tax” on the income left after “normal”—that is, present—taxes. Neither policy would be very palatable politically. But organized labour, at least, ought to realize that it stands to lose a very great deal more from “inflation” than from drastic taxation ; inflation would wipe out all of labour’s social security and pension gains.

The most important and most difficult problems will however be the decisions within the defence programme itself. It is here that permanent strength must be balanced against immediate striking power. Intentionally I shall confine myself to some domestic

problems, leaving aside all the headaches of the division of resources and burdens between the United States and its potential allies.

For one thing, we clearly cannot afford to do again what we did in the 1939-1945 war : suspend intellectual, technical, and professional education "for the duration". Our supply of educated and trained men is our seed corn. Even the barely three years' interruption of the war left wide gaps which are not yet closed despite the tremendous expansion of higher education since 1945. A five-year suspension would weaken us profoundly. A ten-year suspension would cost us our intellectual as well as our technical leadership altogether—perhaps for good.

Even the armed forces admit to-day that it was a mistake to empty the colleges ; but their thinking does not go beyond granting exemptions to men studying subjects of immediate military application, such as medicine, chemistry, or engineering. America needs, however, educated people as badly as technicians ; even the technical schools, whether of engineering, medicine, or business, have come to realize that the generally-educated student is a better bet than the specialist—even as a technician. What is necessary is not exemption for a few skills but a programme that makes it possible to keep up the normal education of a free country.

A similar problem exists in industry. Our productivity and efficiency depend above all on the "first-line supervisor", the foreman. That American industry has learned this explains more than anything else our recent advances. As a result we have to-day at least three times as many foremen as we had in 1941—and they are infinitely more competent and better trained. But by the same token a very large part—perhaps most—are fairly young. One of the big automobile companies has found that more than half of its supervisors are under forty. Foremen are thus threatened by the draft only a little less than students.

Against this need to preserve future strength stands the manpower requirements of the armed forces. Obviously the two groups have exactly what is needed in modern war for officers and NCO's : intellectual training, technical skill and—in the case of the foremen—proven leadership competence. Also, the armed forces will be seriously pinched for manpower. The age group between twenty and thirty contains almost a third fewer men to-day than it did ten years ago—a result of the low birth rates of the 'thirties. The supply of young men will go down for another seven years until the first members of the "war baby boom" reach fighting age. In case of total war America would be forced to extend conscription to young women to fill non-combat jobs. How then can we balance the need for more manpower in the services with the need to keep students and foremen studying and producing ?

For the students the answer may be fairly simple. We have for fifty years been running "co-operative" programmes in some schools, especially in engineering schools. Under these programmes the student spends six months in school, six months in a job. Everywhere the result has been an increase in the scholastic achievement of the students and in the scholastic standards of the school ; at the same time the " co-operative " student makes a superior employee.

The application of this idea in military service might actually be advisable even to give the armed forces the greatest immediate striking strength. Unless we are engaged in total war we have no use for an army of more than four or five million men, at the most. But we should have many more men trained to be able to convert to total warfare immediately. The " co-operative " principle would enable the armed forces to train and keep in training—subject to immediate call at any time—twice or three times the number of men needed in the period of limited warfare. In fact it is much more appropriate to our situation than universal military training.

But it would not solve the problem of the foremen—who could hardly work on a six-months-in, six-months-out basis—or the problem of doctors and teachers who are as badly needed on the home front as in uniform.

America will also face difficult decisions as to what sort of civilian goods to continue producing. For example, we know that the two most important factors making or breaking productivity—outside the things that happen right at the place of work—are transportation and housing. Workers who have a difficult time getting to or from work are unproductive workers ; they arrive already tired. Workers who are badly housed—particularly workers who live in cramped quarters—are equally unproductive workers. Yet in those two areas we are worse off to-day than we were in 1941.

That the American worker depends primarily on his own car for transportation is a great asset in modern war. It gives our whole population tremendous mobility—and that is important even if we do not have to evacuate bombed cities. But the dependence on the car can be a source of weakness too. More than two-thirds of our cars are of pre-war vintage, that is at least ten years old ; in 1941 the corresponding figure was about one-third. And altogether we are still some eight to ten million cars short to bring our automobile standard up to where it was then, considering the sharp increase in the number of families during the past ten years.

For any long-term defence economy we would therefore need another eight to ten million new cars and a stockpile of spare parts to keep our old cars on the road indefinitely. But the automobile industry is our major armaments industry on which we depend for tanks, planes and airplane engines, heavy ordnance, naval engines,

trucks and a hundred other essential war materials. Can we afford to reserve half of its total capacity to home-front production without seriously weakening armed strength? But can we afford a breakdown in our transportation system? There is no way around the dilemma; the much-advocated shift to a standardized "utility" car, for instance, would not free any plant capacity and would actually demand a great deal more in the way of new tools, dies, and machines than could possibly be saved in steel.

The housing problem may well be even more serious. As it is, America is short of from three to five million housing units. Warfare always means population shifts. In addition we may have to find emergency housing for bombed-out people at a moment's notice. We learned last time that there is nothing more expensive in terms of money, skilled manpower, and scarce materials than emergency housing. Private building will certainly be stopped very soon—and rightly so. But even though the housing industry is a major employer of skills and a large user of materials I consider it necessary—certainly as soon as the first stage in our economic mobilization has passed—to build up a stockpile of component parts for three to five million housing units, complete with standardized range, furnace, bathroom, sink, and refrigerator.

Another question which will face us is this: can we afford to gamble on our raw-material reserve holding up? Or do we have to divert manpower and equipment to push through substitute processes to give us a permanently adequate supply of oil and iron ore?

A war economy rests on oil and steel. But domestic reserves of oil and domestic iron-ore supplies are both low. The new Canadian field may ease the oil squeeze—but it is very far from any centre of consumption and would require a tremendous investment in transportation to be integrated with either the Canadian or the American defence effort. Middle Eastern oil is abundant—but may easily be cut off. The iron-ore situation is better as there are large deposits of high-grade ore near at hand in Labrador and in the northern part of South America. But the exploitation of these new deposits, especially of the one in Labrador, demands new transportation facilities—railways, ore docks, etc.—and efficient use of the new ore may not be possible unless we move our steel mills to deep-water ports.

American can however obtain all the oil she could possibly use from oil-bearing shales and through hydrogenizing coal—with inexhaustible supplies of both raw materials. There is an even larger potential supply of iron ore in the Taconite deposits in the Northern Great Lakes area—precisely where we are organized for iron-ore transportation. The processes needed to extract oil from shale and coal are further advanced and much better understood than was synthetic rubber production in 1942; in fact they have been in commercial

use in many countries for a considerable time. The extraction of iron ore from Taconite is not so well established ; but it is well beyond the pilot-plant stage.

Each of the three processes, however, would require an investment comparable to the synthetic-rubber investment of the last war. All these are moreover still a good bit more expensive than the traditional processes. Should we now push substitute processes—at tremendous immediate expense and at the risk of saddling the country permanently with uneconomical industries? It is not an easy decision to make. But we shall not be able to shirk it. There is too great a discrepancy between our plans for completely mechanized warfare and our military weakness in the Middle Eastern oil region.

Finally, there is the decision whether speed or security is more important in defence production. If the first we shall place our military work largely in existing industrial areas as we did the last time. If it is security, we shall disperse defence industries into new territory, which means heavy building of new plants, new housing, new transportation, new water and power supplies. In the atomic age there could hardly be a more basic decision, and thus far not nearly enough attention has been paid to it.

The crucial question may well be whether central power stations should be left near the consumer—that is, in the big cities—or whether they should be moved to the coal mines in rural West Virginia, Alabama, or Illinois. It is still cheaper to ship coal to a power station in the big city than to transmit electricity over long distances. The last war has shown that industrial production even in a badly bombed-out city can be maintained as long as power and water are supplied. Certainly if we are going to expand power production we should put the new plants well out into the country and close to the coal mines—and should at the same time build them large enough to be used as stand-bys in case of bomb damage.

Every one of these decisions—and they are illustrations rather than a comprehensive list—may have a heavy impact on America's military and economic strength. Every one will profoundly affect the future of the country. They are much too important to be left to chance. They are even much too important to be left to the generals—who, however, will have to make them if the American people and their Government refuse to do so. It would surely represent an American defeat of the first magnitude, and one that might cost us the moral and military support of the rest of the free world, were we to be forced into total war by our own inability to organize for limited war.

THE LANGUAGE BARRIER

By H. C. DENT

MY friends looked askance at the idea. To go trekking northwards through north-west Europe in mid-December was not, they hinted, in their opinion a holiday at all. When they learned that I, whose professional business is education, was also planning to pack into my itinerary as many visits to schools, colleges and universities as could be squeezed into ten days of travel, they became quite touchingly solicitous.

"But will you get *any* rest?" asked one. "Probably not", I retorted defiantly, "but I'm not particularly interested in rest at the moment. I want to see these places, and to talk with the people running them; not only about education, but all sorts of things. I've wanted to do so for ages, and now I've got the chance I'm going to take it." And isn't that the essence of a holiday, to do what one wants to do? At least, so it seems to me. So they comforted themselves, on my behalf, with the old adage that "a change is as good as a rest," and let me go on my way, which was *via* Holland, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden to Oslo in Norway, where a son newly gone to live there awaited me as well as some very dear friends made on a brief visit three years previously. Post-war Germany I knew something of, but Denmark and Sweden I had never seen, and Holland only from the train. And—quite why I do not yet fully understand—these countries have always had a particular attraction for me.

I landed at the Hook of Holland early on a cold, dark, damp Sunday morning—and was at once brought up against the barrier of an unknown language. I had been to the Hook before, but always as a member of an officially conducted party, and with every service laid on. Now I was absolutely on my own; and I had to find the train to the Hague, and then my hotel in that city, without the aid of a single word of Dutch. Trifling difficulties, and as it proved easily overcome, but apt to appear formidable when first met at 7 a.m. on a rain-swept foreign railway station. Don't believe it, by the way, when you are told that everyone on the Continent speaks English; quite a lot of people don't, even in Channel ports.

My momentary sense of isolation (if I were not proud I should call it fright) started up again a train of thought which had often

troubled me before. Are we English not making a great error in refusing to learn foreign languages ? (It is, of course, absurd to plead that we cannot learn them.) I determined to make it my business to collect opinions about this.

I found that my Dutch and Scandinavian friends all took the line that it is quite unnecessary for us to learn their languages. "Why should you ?" they ask. "Britain is a great power and English is spreading rapidly as an international language" (that is perfectly true) ; "ours are small countries, and the range of our languages is very limited. It is our business to learn your language, not yours to learn ours."

But I remain unconvinced. How can it be possible for us ever to get under the skin of a Dutchman, a Dane, or whatever national you like, unless we can let him talk to us in his own language ? By compelling him to use English, which, however well he knows it, must always be to him a foreign language, on all occasions when he wishes to communicate with us, do we not make him, even when he is in his own country, to some extent a "displaced person" ? There must be a wealth of linguistic overtone and emotional content that he cannot get across through the medium of a foreign language. And how can we ever get to know fully the ethos and the atmosphere of a country if we remain ignorant of its literature—from its daily press to its poets and its philosophers ?

I remember Sir Alfred Zimmern some years ago jocularly explaining to a group of foreign students that half the misunderstandings between England and France had arisen out of the different connotations attaching to "Yes" and "*Oui*". The latter, he said, meant to a Frenchman "I understand, and agree," but to an Englishman "Yes" meant no more than "I have heard what you say." This recurred forcibly to my mind when in Copenhagen a very good Danish friend was insisting to me that unless behind the political links now being fashioned between the western European countries (everyone I met in Holland and Denmark seems to regard Western Union as certain to come sooner or later) there were established equally strong cultural links, political union would remain but a façade, insecure and probably dangerous. And I feel certain that to establish those cultural links there must be a two-way traffic in language.

It will be objected, of course, that my thesis imposes a formidable task upon us : that of becoming fluent in anything up to a dozen languages. But is it so difficult as that ? The western European languages fall into two well-defined groups, the Latin and the Germanic ; could they not be learned in groups instead of, as at present, singly ? At London University a professorial chair has recently been established for research into the teaching of English as

a foreign language ; I would dearly like to see another created for research into the teaching of groups of foreign languages to English people. The holder of the chair stated in his inaugural lecture that one of the main problems his department was studying arose out of the fact that so many foreigners wanted to acquire quickly a limited knowledge of English sufficient for specialized purposes : to study, for example, law, medicine, or technology. As English students, in common with those of other countries, increasingly go abroad for study or research, they will surely feel the same need ? At two places especially on my travels this was brought home to me.

The first was the famous Technical University at Delft, so regularly cited in our domestic controversy about the teaching of advanced technology as the kind of institution we ought to imitate and, I fear, so little known by many who, quite rightly in my opinion, applaud it). Whether or not we ought to attempt to copy Delft I will not argue here, but I certainly think, after having seen it, that we ought to try to send many more students to this superbly staffed and equipped university ; and the students ought without question to be able to understand thoroughly the instruction given there, which is entirely in Dutch. Admittedly, many of the professors speak excellent English, but they could hardly be expected to slow up their courses for the benefit of a group of linguistically illiterate foreigners.

The other place was the International People's College at Elsinore, where for nearly 30 years Peter Manniche has assembled groups of students from all quarters of the globe for long or short courses having the primary aim of promoting international good fellowship and the principles of western democracy. True, you can get your instruction there in English, for that is one of the "official" languages, but as I sat at supper surrounded by Danes, Swedes and members of half a dozen other nationalities from America to Indonesia I realized acutely how much a student must miss—I know I did—who is enclosed within the confines of a single language. To know even two well must add beyond all measure to the value to be got from the companionship to be enjoyed during these admirable courses. Incidentally, what an excellent place this would be to try the experiment of teaching languages in groups. The college already offers courses in English, French, German, Danish and (on request) Russian. The winter sessions last five months, the summer three—long enough surely to get a grip on language structure—and there are invariably members of eight to ten nations (often more in summer) in whom to practise one's growing mastery.

There was another place at which I felt exasperatingly frustrated by my ignorance of foreign languages. This was the residential Volk High School at Rendsburg in Schleswig-Holstein, where young Germans from agriculture and industry come for five-months'

courses of study—conducted largely in discussion groups—of social, political and economic affairs in their historical and contemporary settings. The principal, Dr. Fritz Laack, speaks excellent English, and so was able to give me a first-rate outline of the purpose, organization, curriculum, staff and students of the school. It was when I accepted his invitation to see a class in action that my frustration began.

A group of 25 young men and women was discussing with their tutor the means by which Hitler seized power in 1933. One young man in particular could not understand why the German people did not put up a more effective resistance against the seizure of power by a minority, and a lively debate lasting some 20 minutes ensued between him and the tutor. I would have given more than I can well say to have been able to understand in detail this dialogue—it was all the more exasperating to be just able to make out scraps of it here and there. I felt I was missing something tremendously important, an insight of the utmost value into the mind of German youth. The young man remained unconvinced by all his tutor's arguments, and I could see that most of the others in the class felt as he did; but exactly why I could not know. A translated summary of the discussion was a poor substitute for the original.

To judge from what I was told that day (as on previous visits to Germany) not nearly enough is being done to understand the states of mind and the attitude towards public affairs of the thoughtful young German, the young man or woman in the twenties who is sufficiently "awakened", as Dr. Laack put it, to come to a *Heimvolkshochschule* such as Rendsburg or by other means to attempt to study objectively the political, social, economic and religious setting in which he finds himself. Briefly, this is what I was told at Rendsburg: the deepest desire in the heart of German youth is for a united Germany; for this they would be prepared to sacrifice a measure of freedom. Unhappily—here again the barrier of language interposed itself—though I pressed the question I could not discover exactly what was meant by sacrifice of freedom, though I did learn what it did not mean; when I asked if it meant that they would accept Communism as the price of union I was immediately answered by an emphatic "No!" whose sincerity could not be doubted.

There is another facet to this matter of the mind of German youth which in my opinion demands even more urgent and serious consideration. About the unity of Germany no doubt young and old think alike, but otherwise there is a terrible cleavage between the generations. The young—I have been told this over and over again, by English-speaking young Germans as well as by English people working in Germany—the young have no confidence in the old. "The

let us down," they say ; and this sentence is spoken far more bitterly and carries a far greater volume of meaning than it does when it is heard, as it is occasionally, from the lips of young English people.

But young Germans, so I am told, have a further complaint against their elders. They are eager to assume responsibility in public affairs, but the old people will not allow them to do so. When I asked how the elders could prevent them I was told that they refused to nominate them for election to seats on local councils or in the Parliaments of the *Länder* ; and that unless they can secure nomination they are virtually disfranchised. This is presumably a German concern, to be resolved by Germans alone, but it nevertheless intimately affects all the western nations. For the inevitable result of such exclusion from responsible participation in public affairs is that many of the more politically-minded among the young tend to turn towards the irresponsible or subversive groups on the extreme left or the extreme right. And should these young and able malcontents determine that the only way to secure responsibility is to seize it irresponsibly they will find inflammable elements in abundance to support them. There are to-day 650,000 unemployed young people in western Germany, all too many of them nursing the bitter belief that their Governments, central and local, will not take the trouble to do anything to help them.

This problem is an integral and important part of the larger problem of the future rôle of Germany in Europe. A facet of that problem of immediate interest is seen in the question which no one who has been in Germany recently can escape being asked : what is the attitude of the Germans to re-armament ? I was asked this over and over in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and have been again and again since my return home.

A transient such as I was has no right to attempt any generalization. All I will say is that during the course of a long and full day in Schleswig-Holstein I had two distinct German reactions impressed upon me very clearly and emphatically. The first has been frequently expressed in print in this country. It may be briefly stated as : " You see the state our country is in ; do you think we want anything more to do with war ? " That, I was told, was the common reaction of the man in the street, and especially of the young. The other was said to be the reaction of the more thoughtful and more democratically-minded German : " Don't re-arm us ; for if you do the marching fever will rise to German heads again, and at the call of another Hitler—who is almost certain to appear—Germany will go the 1933 way again."

It is probably impossible for English people who have not been in Europe since the war to understand the agony of mind that many Germans are suffering over the question of re-armament. It is, I

should think, just as impossible for them to appreciate how almost insuperably difficult it is for the peoples of continental Europe to feel even charitably towards the Germans, much less to regard them as friends. Yet these two hard facts cannot be left out of consideration in any discussion of ways and means towards unity in the west. I had two sharp reminders of the latter. I asked a Dutch friend, a most genial and lovable man, how cultural relations were developing between Germany and Holland. "Very little," he replied curtly, "you see, we were occupied." And a Norwegian, a typical representative of that gay, insouciant nation, in answer to a similar question snapped "I don't trust a single one of them."

I found myself at times wondering whether the Norwegians feared the Germans or the Russians more. To put it like that is probably unjust to them, for among all the peoples I know they seem least given to fear. But they have experienced a German occupation; and if I may dare to guess at their unspoken thought it is that no other occupation could be worse. They take it for granted that if war broke out between the east and the west their country would be occupied, perhaps not wholly, but certainly in the south and west. According to what I was told, many Danes and Dutch expect a similar fate. "Nothing to prevent their marching straight through," they say.

I found in all these three countries an interesting tendency, when talking about the chances of peace and war, to personify Russia. Again and again I was told, in the same words: "One man can decide whether there shall be peace or war." The Russian people were never mentioned as having any say, nor even the *politbureau*; only Marshal Stalin. Is this because the Scandinavians know the Russians so much better than we do?

Do the Swedes and the Norwegians—I did not get to Finland—think war inevitable? On the whole I would say no, though few with whom I talked would express a definite opinion. Next summer, I was assured, would probably be the most critical period. How are their sympathies aligned? It was suggested to me that the pattern changed as one moved from west to east. There can be no doubt that Norway's face is wholly turned towards the west: "That is why we have joined the Atlantic pact." Both Sweden and Finland too, I was assured, are on the whole strongly inclined to the west, though Sweden is said to entertain hopes of remaining neutral yet again, while the Finns—"It is very difficult to know what that secretive race is thinking."

I could not fail to be impressed by the evidence of the close cultural links which exist to-day between the Scandinavian countries, despite (or it may be because of) their long previous history of warfare. These surely offer matter for examination by all of us who are endeavouring

to establish similarly cordial and understanding relations between the peoples of western Europe. To take but two specific instances. UNESCO has to-day a committee actively at work on the problem of producing objectively written history texts for schools ; thirty years ago the Scandinavian peoples circulated their history textbooks to each other for comment and criticism, with apparently completely successful results. Secondly, the high officials of the Scandinavian Ministries of Education regularly meet in conference together to discuss common problems and iron out differences, and the rectors of the universities also meet regularly, though less formally, for the same purposes.

This admirable example of deliberately fostered cultural co-operation led me to wonder—perhaps presumptuously—whether Great Britain ought not to be the mainspring in the efforts to achieve mutual friendship, understanding and co-operation between the peoples of all western Europe. For we derive from both the two great racial stocks, the Germanic and the Romance, which have mainly peopled all these various countries, and should therefore have temperamental affinities with them all ; as in fact, there is no doubt we have. But if we are to play that rôle—and unless someone plays it Europe is doomed—we must abandon completely the cultural isolationism which for so long has separated us from our continental neighbours, and from which even to-day we are only very incompletely breaking out. And, to return to the point I stressed in the earlier part of this article, one very substantial means—perhaps, indeed, the necessary prelude—to a complete breakaway would be to set to work in earnest to learn our neighbours' languages.

THE INTERDEPENDENCE OF CIVILIZATION

BY HANS KOHN

INDIVIDUALS grow and develop, spiritually and morally, by contact. The same holds true of nations and civilizations. In the primitive stage peoples live as strictly separated entities. They jealously guard their "own" civilization, their "original" traditions, protecting them from "alien" influences. Mankind consists of closed societies firmly welded to their pasts and localities. But with the progress of history barriers give way to a growing cross-fertilization of civilizations; meeting the challenge of other cultures they diversify their own and liberate it from limiting shackles by assimilating and adapting outside influences, often in a complex give and take process. The more in the open society grows, the further it advances towards that unity of mankind which the Bible regards as the beginning and end of human history. For not only do all men descend from the same ancestors, from Adam and Eve, and from Noah and his sons, but the difference, and mutual non-comprehension and confusion, of language has been imposed as a punishment for the building of the Tower of Babel.

Buddhism in its vitality spread its message to China and Tibet, to Japan and Thailand, to Ceylon and Bali, everywhere vivifying and transforming the native civilizations and permeating them with the same attitudes. Even more penetrating was the spread of Greek civilization after Alexander the Great, who in his brief career was inspired by the hope of uniting the peoples of the earth in a new peaceful order based upon the community of civilization. He bade Greeks and barbarians, as Plutarch wrote, "to consider as their fatherland the whole inhabited earth, and as akin to them all good men." The Stoics developed this attitude into a philosophy, and the Romans made the spread of a uniform civilization throughout the then known world possible. This civilization was no longer Greek; it had absorbed Oriental and Roman elements, with a new emphasis upon *humanitas*, the human quality in every man and the essential oneness of mankind. This cross-fertilization of civilizations made the spread of Christianity—pious Christians have regarded it as portentous that Jesus was born in the reign of Augustus—and later of Islam, possible. The latter, originally the creed of desert Arabs, became a world factor by assimilating Greek and Persian civilizations.

The flowering of Christianity in the high middle ages, with its universities, poetry and chivalry, was an outgrowth of its closer contacts with the world of Islam. Arab philosophy transmitted to the west the wisdom of Greece ; the court of Frederick II in Sicily, who admired Mohammedan civilization for the greater freedom of its intellectual atmosphere, showed the first symptoms of modern government ; the Crusaders brought home from the Levant sometimes a deep respect for the wealth and form of the alien civilization which they found there. It was this very recognition of the interdependence of civilization and the willingness to become open to the influence of alien cultures which made the great advance of the west possible. It was the increasing withdrawal from open contact and intercourse which weakened Islam and eastern Christianity. Around the year 1000 the leadership had been theirs, by 1500 it had definitely shifted to the west.

In the following five hundred years this leadership became more pronounced in the growing eagerness to explore other civilizations, to become enriched in this contact, and to visualize the world more and more as an open society in which the intercourse of ideas and the flow of goods should be untrammelled and continuous. It began with the fifteenth century, when western scholars eagerly learned from the Greeks who had left Constantinople after its fall to the Turks ; it found a climax in the eighteenth century when Far Eastern wisdom and art was joyfully and respectfully received in the west, and its intellectuals turned to the newly discovered " primitive " civilizations for inspiration. Nor did western civilization tend to dissociate into closed entities proud of their " originality ". Educated men found their cultural fulfilment in Latin or French, and scholars and diplomats could meet in understanding without the help of translators. The great achievement of the west, the recognition of individual liberty and free inquiry, was due to the interplay and interdependence of the Low Countries—where Grotius, Descartes and Locke wrote, and where Pierre Bayle launched in 1684 his *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres*—and England, with its Puritan and Glorious revolutions, of the Anglo-Americans in the virgin lands across the Atlantic, and of France, where the English concepts of the rights of the individual and the limitation of government were transformed into a universal message for every man and citizen.

Germany's greatest writer, Goethe, stressed always this interdependence of civilization. He acknowledged his deep indebtedness to " alien " cultures which to him were part of the one great patrimony ; he had hardly any sympathy for, or interest in, the German struggle of his time for " liberation " from the French " invader " ; in his old age he expressed his admiration for French culture, and he created the term *Weltliteratur*, world literature, as a meeting ground for the

good in all civilizations and the nursery for the writers in all tongues. He did not confine himself to the west, though in many ways he was one of the representative men of western civilization ; his most mature poems were influenced by his reading of translations from Persian and Arabic authors ; especially in the *West-Eastern Divan*, where these celebrated lines can be found :

Gottes ist der Orient !

Gottes ist der Okzident !

Nord-und südliches Gelände

Ruht im Frieden seiner Hände

God's own is the Orient !

God's own is the Occident!

Northern and southern lands

Rest peacefully in his hands.

The other great Germans of Goethe's time, Kant and Beethoven, Lessing and Schiller, were equally devoid of any national exclusiveness. But only a few years later a new emphasis was placed on the "originality" and uniqueness of national civilizations, on the differences of cultures ; the more distinct culture became faithful to its "own" origins and past and unaffected by "alien" influences, the more it was thought to be creative. This cultural self-sufficiency was also applied to the political field in the stress of undiminished national sovereignty and to economic relations, in which national frontiers became ever mounting barriers. In his *Der geschlossene Handelsstaat*, the German philosopher J. G. Fichte suggested the creation of an ideal society in complete isolation from the rest of the world so that, by as little contact as possible with foreigners, it may develop its national character to the highest degree. While it would close its frontiers to all commercial exchange with foreign lands—thus establishing its own State as a great common house of industry guaranteeing work to every citizen—he at least exempted scholarship from this extreme isolationism. Whatever belongs to the citizen, he wrote, is under the control of the State, but scholarship belongs to man and not to a citizen. In the twentieth century this distinction was given up in some cases of proclaimed self-sufficiency, as in national socialism and similar régimes, which now embraced all manifestations of civilization. Interdependence of civilization is being rejected for the sake of the absolute independence, generally identified with the precedence and superiority, of the unique and "own" civilization.

The nineteenth century, however, took on the whole a different course. Society became more and more an open market place of ideas and goods. Cobden and Bright spread fervently the gospel of free trade, not only as an economic doctrine but as a means to build the interdependence of mankind in peaceful co-operation. Marx in his *Communist Manifesto* visualized the growing interdependence : "In place of the old local and national institution and self-sufficiency, we have intercourse in every direction, universal interdependence of all nations. And as in material, so also in intellectual production.

The intellectual creations of individual nations become common property. National one-sidedness and narrow-mindedness become more and more impossible, and from the numerous national and local literatures there arises a world literature."

This fertilization by interdependence enriched the civilizations which tore down the walls separating them. Peter the Great broke a first window in the wall which Orthodox Russia had erected in an attempt to isolate herself from Europe. A century later when the victory of Napoleon brought Russian armies into the heart of Europe, a more open intercourse between the two civilizations slowly began to emerge, though it continued to be hampered by prohibitive passport regulations and the fear of contact predominant in the reign of Nicholas I. But even this incipient recognition of interdependence bestowed upon both civilizations a new spiritual energy and broadened their horizons to mutual benefit. The Russian educated classes began, under European influence, to strive for liberty under law after the western model and to fight the traditional police-State autocracy. Their efforts, with all their sacrifices, hopes and dreams, seemed crowned with success in March 1917, when Czarism was overthrown. Europe, on the other hand, drew a new inspiration from the human warmth and the deep searchings of Russian literature, from Gogol to Dostoevsky, from Tolstoy to Chekhov. Russia's contact with Europe produced suddenly and almost without precedent a literature of the first magnitude : its influence radiated back to Europe, and in its turn fertilized the older literatures.

However, the fact that the interdependence of civilization releases unprecedented creative energies was not easily conceded. Many denied it, and Peter the Great's work formed in the nineteenth century the subject of much bitter controversy in Russia. An influential group of Russian patriots, often called the Slavophiles, regarded his opening-up of intercourse with Europe as a misfortune for Russia ; it was believed to have hindered or destroyed a pure indigenous cultural and spiritual development with exclusive roots in the peculiar traditions of Russian character and history. The Slavophiles were convinced that the flowering of Russian culture demanded an isolation from contact with alien elements—Russian culture in itself, and only in itself, contained the seeds for world leadership and world salvation. This exclusive nationalism with its emphasis on the creative folk spirit of the Russian masses and on their deep devotion to the true faith, turned against Europe and against Slavdom's western neighbours, the Germans. Yet even this Slavophilism with all its claims to self-sufficiency was not an indigenous Russian growth ; it had developed under the influence of German romantic thought by simply transferring the anti-cosmopolitanism and anti-intellectualism of German folk theories

to the Slavs as the bearers of the true spirit. Thus even the most "independent" movements bear witness to the interdependence of civilization.

It has not always been clearly seen that the very insistence upon indigenous development and its unique and exclusive originality has been the product of cultural contact and of an erroneous interpretation of the past. The idealization of the Russian peasant masses in the nineteenth century was an echo of the glorification of the unspoiled child of nature current in eighteenth century western Europe. German romanticists loved to dwell upon the truly Germanic character of the middle ages and their Gothic culture. They disregarded the essentially universal character of medieval civilization, a period in which Germany was fully integrated with the common cultural stream of Roman Christendom. Oriental nationalists have often rejected western civilization as an expression of crude materialism contrasting it with their pure indigenous spiritualism; in this attitude they were influenced by Ruskin and other European critics of certain aspects of western civilization, and they sought support for their views in the recent re-discovery and re-appraisal of the Oriental past by European scholars.

The degree to which cultural isolationism weakens and destroys a civilization that refuses to recognize cultural interdependence in a community of nations, can be seen from the attitude of the Chinese at the beginning of the nineteenth century. They were then convinced that they alone had the correct doctrine and knew the true way, that all others had to learn from them, while they could gain nothing from alien guidance or influence. From the towering height of their uncritical self-confidence, which placed them in the very centre of all civilized life, they built a wall of isolation around themselves and refused intercourse with other civilizations on a footing of equality. As a result Chinese civilization, in spite of its venerable antiquity and its unsurpassed records of beauty of form and serenity of wisdom, became proverbial abroad as the model of fossil pedantry. Only more recently the intercourse with other civilizations, eagerly sought by the educated youth, re-invigorated and rejuvenated the Chinese civilization. A similar process in other Oriental countries, from Turkey to the Philippine Islands, inaugurated an entirely new period in the millenary history of Asia.

Cultural intercourse was hampered in preceding centuries by vast distances and the scarcity of means of communication. All this has changed rapidly during the last one hundred years. Ever new geographic discoveries and technical inventions have made the globe one world, thus realizing in space what has long been recognized by religion and science, the existence of one mankind. This geographic and biological unity of a common earth and a common

blood finds its spiritual fulfilment, however, in a plurality and diversity of civilizations. Each of them has its specific contribution to make, and complements the others. None of them exhausts the spiritual potentialities of man. In the intercourse and interdependence they find the stimulating challenges preserving them from ossification and arousing them to the search for new responses to ever-renewed questions and conquests. Western civilization, with its geographic centre around the North Atlantic and its emphasis on individual liberty and free inquiry, would have been much poorer without the recent meeting with the ascetic morality of Gandhi and the humanistic wisdom of Rabindranath Tagore, both the fruit of ancient India's contact with the west. The Mediterranean, once the centre from which western civilization radiated, has witnessed recently at its western and eastern extremities efforts at re-invigoration of the civilizations of Spain and of Islam, which in the past have played their great rôle. All signs portend that an African civilization arising out of a strong virgin soil under the fertilization of older civilizations will soon take its place among those which in clearly recognized and desired interdependence make their contributions to an open society based upon freedom and diversity. Such a society pre-supposes co-operation in the spirit of tolerance. No civilization must think itself in exclusive possession of the true way and endowed with an infallible insight into the course of human history. UNESCO was devised as the organ and mediator of such an open and interdependent society.

UNESCO's immediate task lies beyond the issues of politics and above the rising and ebbing conflicts of nations and classes. Yet in its concern with civilization and world outlook with education and cultural co-operation, it deals with the very foundations of all political and social life. Only a firmly established intercourse and a common understanding of the aspects and values of civilization can develop a political order on a secure basis. For the great decisions of conflict and conciliation originate in the realm of the human mind, in its awareness and its aspiration. It is UNESCO's task to sharpen the awareness of the interdependence of civilization and to direct the aspirations of all willing nations toward this goal.

(Professor Hans Kohn's book, The Twentieth Century : A Mid-way Account of the Western World, which has already appeared in New York is soon to be published in London. He writes this article by arrangement with UNESCO.)

THE CARE OF CHILDREN

BY ELSIE M. MARTIN

I HAD knocked rather timorously, but hearing none of the usual noises, the shutting of doors or the clearing of the narrow hall of a dog or a child, I ventured again. This time there was the sound of the hasty opening of a badly fitting window above, and a lean but not unbeautiful head with unkempt hair was thrust out. I was ready and looking up. "What do you want? How much are you paid to come and bother me?" "I am so sorry," I said, "people always come when you get upstairs—it happens to me too." At that, Mrs. B. cuffed the two children who had managed to squeeze their heads out of the window, shut it and soon appeared at the front door.

I said what I had to say about the importance of Mary's going to see the dentist this time; she had been given so many appointments she hadn't kept. Mrs. B. now became more interested. "She aint going to have em stopped—my husband don't agree with it—have 'em out then they won't be any more trouble to her or to me." "Well, thank you, Mrs. B. very much, it was so good of you to come downstairs. I just want to help you—if I can—to do the best for Mary; we don't either of us get paid for it, you know. Goodbye."

This was one of our worst families—house poor and ill kept, lots of children who were rather like little wild animals, not unattractive but wild in manner and appearance. The father was a dull man and mother had found a boy-friend, a sailor, so the children were often left alone but the neighbours are kind. Mary did go once to have her teeth done and when I met her in the corridor at school, she came up to me and said softly, "I love you" and then ran away with a self-conscious shriek and giggle.

Mrs. H. lived in the same street. I knew her first during the war when she spent her time brushing the glass and debris from her front door. Her children were smooth and well-groomed with short straight hair and fringes. The house was clean and colourful with gay cretonne curtains at the windows. I felt Mrs. H. had a sense of pattern and design. She was a big young woman with a chin and a fiery temper but Mr. H. was neat and quiet. Money or lack of it was the great trouble and although she could really not afford the cheapest spectacle frames, she ordered the latest heaviest tortoiseshell ones for

herself. The children were all good and tidy and obedient, save one, the one most like her mother.

Mrs. H. became very angry and beat her child who stayed out late at night having adventures with older girls in bombed places. She lived her own private life, a leader of nine years of age. She walked alone. Mrs. H. became even more shocked when money was taken from her purse to finance these adventures. After all, if you keep out until midnight, you need refreshment during the evening. At last Mrs. H. began to feel an inclination to kill the child; this stealing business was such a disgrace, especially if it was your money. Jean became sullen and heavy-eyed and in school she was tiresome and could not be relied upon to speak, just shrugging her shoulders. We often met and sometimes a wry smile accompanied the shrug of the shoulders. She showed me some of her work and it was then that I ventured: "You know, Jean, I believe you would make even nicer things if you went to bed earlier. What time do you go to bed? I have to go to bed in good time, although I am ever so old." Gradually the confidence came, and as the outcome of a gift of a book of stories of Red Indians and the loan of some Red Indian dolls—authentic ones from the U.S.A.—Jean set the pace for all kinds of group work in her class. She was again the leader.

Later she went to the sea for a holiday and I visited her. She was playing on the beach with a timid little girl also on holiday, having been sent from a very poor school in London. Jean was mothering this child and when we all three went for a walk, her constant watchword was 'safety first'. It was her afternoon and she managed it excellently.

Later in the year, she came a long bus ride from her home to visit us. She thought ours a "swell house" and played croquet all the afternoon and when I prepared her a simple bouquet of flowers to take with her, she said: "Aren't they weeds? I have seen them growing where the bombs dropped." Jean is older now and has gone to a senior school. I must go and see her sometime.

There was the Irish family, too, small folk who had several underweight children. He was the man who, whenever he came to see you, talked and talked while his wife, a poor brow-beaten, cross-eyed woman, listened with mouth wide open. They both came to the Parents' Association meetings and were the centre of a little group; he talked and laughed, and the others, mostly women, giggled. One of their little boys was a darling with a dreadful temper. He was fond of warm clothing—he was so small and always shivering—and we were able to find him some rather large woolly garments which restored him and he became more confident and truthful. Later, the children were sent to an open air school and I received messages from them all through a friend.

I met Mr. and Mrs. J. when their particular street was no street at all, and with not much more than their little house standing shored up by huge wooden supports. This was a very large family with two pairs of twins—four boys—and many others in between and a small curly-headed girl in the front room with bronchitis. Mrs. J. was really down and out, although she had been inspired to paint everything in the little room with gold paint. Mr. J. was stolid, unmoved, unimaginative and a very good husband. It was all so easy, really, just for someone to care and be interested. The younger twins were evacuated to a fine castle with a moat, over which they with others scampered each day into acres of parkland amongst the cows and horses. The keeper of the castle was a witch, but a kind witch who had covered and was caring for all the precious belongings of the lords and ladies who owned the castle. In the kitchens where the children lived, she made cake and bread, biscuits and a huge wood fire.

Mrs. J. is now a fat little body. The boys have all gone or are hoping to go to sea so her troubles are over. She comes to the Parents' Association meetings and contributes so much with her gay good humour. She comes with her hair prepared for bed. "You have to be up so early, you know, in such a large household."

Many useful contacts are made at medical inspections. Here one sees the child with its mother or father, and as they have come to see the school doctor one gets an estimate of their reaction to this outside person and to one another. Christopher came by himself; his father was away, his mother had no time. This information came spontaneously, but when the doctor asked Christopher to open his mouth, the lips became compressed, the large eyes stared into space with determination and his whole attitude was one of defiance. Nothing of good could be done that day. I hastily made a note: "Home visit necessary."

The house was in an off street, dreary and leading nowhere at all because of the railway which brings it to a dead end, the trains shooting from one side to the other and appearing to pass through the upper storeys of the houses themselves. When the clatter had ceased I knocked and a bright woman came to the door with a look of recognition. I was invited into the small front room where there had been some attempt at choice and arrangement of furniture. I noticed a black and white enlarged photograph of a happy young woman with her husband and baby. At that moment, the door opened and a different woman whom I just recognized as the one in the photograph came in; at the same time, a heavy garment of depression and gloom fell upon me.

I felt I knew what was wrong, but nothing must be hurried. I listened to the story of Christopher's faults and failings, his back

temper, his disobedience. "He's like his father" she concluded. "But I do hope your husband helps you to bear all this," I ventured. At this, the tears came and I heard of the unfaithfulness and the quarrels. Mr. K. was so often away at night—he was a transport man and always came home tired and distraught. The house, small and badly built, was quite inadequate for one family living happily together with consideration and restraint, but for two families with lots of children upstairs and downstairs, there was no privacy even in which to quarrel. These two features together create the very worst kind of difficulty in all the lives concerned but especially in those of children. They shut up like clams or shriek wildly. It is all so insecure, and life such an unknown quantity.

Much attention has been given and many letters written about this most important question of the care of children. Trained people are doing their best to cope with the numbers of delinquent and maladjusted children but there is room for so much more to be done by the voluntary worker. The essential qualification of this worker must be a love of the men, women and children with whom he or she is to make contact. This giving of oneself for the help of the other person shapes and moulds the pattern of the work to be done. It is the only way of getting to the root of the problems which lie in the hearts and homes of the parents and the teachers. Good relationships are perhaps even better than good teaching.

(Mrs. E. M. Martin is one of the many voluntary care committee workers in London. The School Care Committees are appointed by the L.C.C. Education Committee, and are given certain responsibilities regarding the selection of children for free dinners, the provision of clothing, the following up of medical inspections, etc. In co-operation with teachers and parents, the committees are there to see that "every child obtains full benefit from the education provided." The care committee member is thus constantly visiting between school and home, forms many friendships with parents and children, and in different ways is able to meet the different needs of children.)

In every school of every type, there are children whose needs are not physical. Their homes have been broken by death or divorce or domestic unhappiness and they are treated with coldness or lack of sympathy. Care committee workers have found that, by friendly visiting over simple matters, a basis can be laid of friendship and understanding through which the discussion of more serious difficulties becomes easy and natural.)

T. S. ELIOT AND OLD AGE

BY GORDON SYMES

IN a sense, the whole of T. S. Eliot's poetry might be described as a study in the art of growing old gracefully. Nor need the sense seem to be entirely flippant, if the word "gracefully" is given its rightful religious due. It is now possible to trace throughout his poetic career, from *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* to the *Four Quartets*, a growing preoccupation with the spiritual crisis of old age. Starting from a natural fear and revulsion, the poet has moved by tentative steps towards an evaluation of old age, an elucidation of its special grace and an appreciation of its special function in the progress of the soul.

"It is generally accepted," wrote C. Day Lewis in *A Hope for Poetry* (1934), "that Eliot as a poet was born middle-aged, and has not been getting any younger since." Certainly T. S. Eliot's poetry has never burned with the ardours and idealism of youth. There is no fine frenzy or world-building about it, nothing of Dionysus or of Lucifer, nothing, in short, of what Gerard Manley Hopkins called "the roll, the rise, the carol, the creation"—nothing even of youthful cynicism or disenchantment. This makes his exemplary position in modern letters the more remarkable, since poetry is often regarded as a special property of youth. For many people and particularly since the Romantic Revival, the word "poet" continues to carry with it the image of a young man—or at least of a man who has kept alive the fire and faith of youth when for the rest of us these have turned cold. (Even the enjoyment of poetry is sometimes thought of as an exclusively youthful occupation. "The fact had better be faced," a practising poet has warned his fellows quite recently, "that very few people continue to read poetry after a certain age, after they have left their universities or have 'sold out' to their jobs or positions in the modern world.")

The poet, of course, if he is spared, has sooner or later to come to terms with age. An anthology might be—perhaps has been—compiled of the moods and attitudes with which this physical challenge is at last accepted. A great part of such an anthology would be no more than "coming to terms", balancing the mere hope of wisdom against the inescapable remembrance of things past. Nostalgia, most facile of poetic moods, is in itself a supporter of the feeling that

youth is the heyday of poetry and Sophocles' praise of old age as a release from the torments of Eros will always seem a little suspect.

It is also true, of course, that the vision of some poets is not only mellowed but enlarged and strengthened by age. One thinks at once of W. B. Yeats. He himself claimed that his poetry grew younger as he grew older and there is an extraordinary adventurousness, energy and range of attitudes in his last poems which lift them above anything he wrote in his early or middle periods. Louis MacNeice, in his book on Yeats, thinks that "Yeats' efflorescence in old age is perhaps unique in recent English poetry . . . and we might perhaps contrast Wordsworth and Tennyson, both of whom were intellectually more gifted than Yeats, but who starting, like him, as poets of sentiment, failed in their old age to pass beyond their outgrown sentimental attitude."

The case of T. S. Eliot is altogether different. In the first place, it would be presumptuous to speak of his poetry as the work of an old man—*Little Gidding*, the last of the *Four Quartets*, was completed before he was 54. His uniqueness amongst poets lies in the fact that almost from the outset of his poetic career he has set himself to explore the meaning of age, as another poet might explore sexual love. Moreover, he does not treat age as a purely personal hazard, an enemy lying in wait who must be dared into the open, as many other poets have done. Those poems of Yeats, for instance, which deal explicitly with old age are almost always highly personal—whether it is the irrepressible defiance of

I pray—for fashion's word is out
And prayer comes round again—
That I may seem, though I die old,
A foolish, passionate man.

or the more positive assurance of

Grant me an old man's frenzy . . .
A mind Michael Angelo knew
That can pierce the clouds
Or inspired by frenzy
Shake the dead in their shrouds,
Forgotten else by mankind
An old man's eagle mind.

T. S. Eliot, however, deals much more impersonally with age as a universal problem, a problem of civilizations as well as of human beings. In both cases the symptoms and the effects seem to be much the same. In *Gerontion* the two are made one; the old man of the poem is the decrepitude of Western civilization. In later poems Eliot moves away from social and cultural senility towards the ageing individual. Accordingly an "I" is more often to be found in these poems, particularly in *Ash Wednesday* and the *Four Quartets*. But

this "I", though it certainly includes the poet, is much less an autobiographical figure than a dramatized type of Christian Man—the penitent in *Ash Wednesday*, the believer-in-waiting in *Four Quartets*. The American critic who was irritated by Mr. Eliot's line at the beginning of *Ash Wednesday*

Why should the agéd eagle stretch its wings ?

failed to appreciate this distinction. ("And I am made a little tired at hearing Eliot, only in his early forties, present himself as an 'agéd eagle' . . ."—Edmund Wilson in *Axel's Castle*.) In medieval emblem-fables, the eagle renewed its youth by flying up into the circle of fire and then plunging into a fountain of water. T. S. Eliot is here speaking "emblematically"—not personally—of that universal antipathy to regeneration which hardens with age, to the extent that death begins to be preferred to change. This was an implicit theme in his earlier poem *The Waste Land*, and indeed explicit in the epigraph in the complaint of the ancient Sibyl: "I wish to die." The same theme attracted W. H. Auden a decade later when he wrote in *The Dance of Death*, for instance, of a society whose members "dream of a new life but secretly desire the old, for there is death inside them."

Prufrock, the first of T. S. Eliot's important poems, is a study of middle age rather than old age, but a middle age informed throughout by premonitions of defeat, with which old age is synonymous in his earlier poetry. Three separate aspects of age can be elicited from this poem. First there is the paralysing ennui of habituation :

For I have known them all already, known them all—
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons ;

secondly there is the fear of old age :

I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.
Shall I part my hair behind ? Do I dare to eat a peach ?

Thirdly there is the sense of the irrecoverable loss of youth's vision, summed up in the romantic closing lines about the mermaids and the sea-girls.

The total impact of the poem is comic and it is possible to read it simply as a skit on the cultivated, middle-aged, middle-class introvert who is completely incapable of dealing with a real emotional situation. Yet it is hard to avoid the feeling that *Prufrock* means a good deal more than this, means a good deal more, even, than the allegory one critic found in it, where Prufrock is Mr. Eliot himself wooing the intelligentsia of his day. The essence of Prufrock's predicament is self-consciousness and this is precisely the predicament of western civilization in the twentieth century, an age obsessed with analysis and revaluation, an age which is aware of having outgrown its initial

inspiration of myth and religion but, trained in doubt and hardened with history, has already lost faith in its new teachers. Once Prufrock has been thought of as in some way the voice of western culture, certain of his observations begin to vibrate with a new significance.

I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

Mr. Eliot's use of the capital letter here, together with the (in this context) ambiguous word "eternal", now gives the whole passage an air of portent. The eternal Footman seems to become a sort of heavenly doorkeeper through whose hands western man has to pass. Again the "mermaids" passage at the end, which might superficially be taken to mean that Prufrock is merely a frustrated romantic, can be given a much wider reference. The mermaids and the sea-chambers stand for the mythological dawn of civilization and the "human voices" (which "wake us, and we drown") are the voices of humanism, the rationalists who uproot creative myth but leave in its place nothing but the rueful and self-deprecating scepticism of which Prufrock is a living monument.

Other poems of the *Prufrock* period abound in images, sensuous and cerebral, of the exhaustion, sterility and corruption of old age. "The burnt-out ends of smoky days," withered leaves, the rusty spring in the factory yard "hard and curled and ready to snap," the old crab with barnacles on his back, all these reflect the way in which the theme of age was forcing itself upon the poet. Both the images and the idea of personifying the old age of civilization are dramatically integrated in *Gerontion*, T. S. Eliot's next major poem and the first direct expression of this theme. In a sense, *Gerontion* is the senility of Prufrock. There are certain differences. The humour of the earlier poem has entirely disappeared and Eliot's use of the diminutive ending *-ion* seems to imply that his protagonist is not merely old but even contemptible. Moreover, *Gerontion* is made from the outset to speak quite unmistakably for the whole of western culture, whereas Prufrock's allegory is delicate and tentative. Nevertheless, *Gerontion's* doom, though correspondingly more drastic, lies like Prufrock's in the nullifying effects of excessive self-consciousness, the obverse as it were of old age's vaunted understanding.

What might be called the anti-heroism of Prufrock ("No ! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be") is found in the opening lines of *Gerontion* :

I was neither at the hot gates
Nor fought in the warm rain
Nor knee deep in the salt marsh, heaving a cutlass,
Bitten by flies, fought.

In this respect the old man differs from Tennyson's Ulysses (in some ways his Victorian forerunner) whose latter years are haunted by memories of delightful battle. It might be objected that if Gerontion stands for the whole of western culture, then he *did* take part in that crucial battle of civilization at Thermopylae ("the hot gates"). But in the knowledge of the complete alienation of his present self from its heroic prime, the old man repudiates even the achievements of that prime.

Gerontion is trapped by the Nemesis of knowledge. "I have no ghosts," he says and "ghosts" may be taken to mean the last remnants of irrational belief. His vision of civilization's spiritual foundering is accompanied by the awareness of his own physical helplessness.

I have lost my sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch :
How should I use them for your closer contact ?

His knowledge of reality distinguishes him from those (Prufrock's "humanists", perhaps) who

Excite the membrane, when the sense has cooled,
With pungent sauces, multiply variety
In a wilderness of mirrors,

but it cannot save him. "After such knowledge, what forgiveness ?" The apocalyptic ruin at the poem's ending claims him with the rest.

The old man may be said to reappear in *The Waste Land*, in the guise of the old blind prophet Tiresias. The resemblance between the two is not merely one of age and premonition—it is also one of dramatic function. In *Gerontion*, the "action" of the poem is in the old man's brain. In *The Waste Land*, a similarly unifying rôle can be ascribed to Tiresias. T. S. Eliot's own note tells us that "Tiresias, although a mere spectator and not indeed a 'character' is yet the most important personage in the poem, uniting all the rest What Tiresias *sees*, in fact, is the substance of the poem." Tiresias, as well as being a seer, has also been both man and woman in his own lifetime, and he represents therefore, even more appropriately than Gerontion, what F. R. Leavis in *New Bearings in English Poetry* has called "an inclusive human consciousness." Both poems are the thoughts of an old civilization.

Eliot's attempt to communicate these thoughts accounts for his distinctive technique, foreshadowed in *Prufrock*, developed in *Gerontion* and perfected in *The Waste Land*—its non-literary syntax, subterranean associations and multilingual memories, which are well suited to so mixed and cosmopolitan a culture as ours. The method has an immediate and impersonal effect. The poet never obtrudes himself in the rôle of editor or moralist.

Of *The Waste Land* nothing further need be said here beyond the fact that to the impotence and decay of age has now been added its

pathological fear of restoration and its hankering for death. *The Hollow Men*, published some two years later, seems at first sight to plumb still darker depths of despair even than *Gerontion*. Civilization has now become "the Old Guy", the scarecrow. *Gerontion's* head at least retained thoughts, however dry—the headpieces of the *Hollow Men* are stuffed with straw. Yet some critics have seen this as a poem not of despair but transition. Miss Helen Gardner in *The Art of T. S. Eliot* even suggests that in the famous closing lines

This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper

the whimper may be "that first faint querulous sound which tells us that a child is born . . ." (Surely this is more of a yelp than a whimper?) It is true there are hints in this poem, especially in the final tug-of-war between the effort to pray and the weight of the temporal world, of what Mr. Eliot later described as the "time of tension between dying and birth"—but there is a danger in such retrospective criticism of committing him to an attitude he had not yet worked out. What might be said, however, is that the old men are hollow because they have been emptied—emptied of the secular affections, amongst other things, which still preoccupied the actors in *Gerontion*—and that they are now, conceivably, ready to be refilled.

At any rate, there is a generic change in T. S. Eliot's treatment of age in the subsequent group of poems heralded by *Ash Wednesday*. Hitherto age has been seen as a form of death-in-life ("We who were living are now dying With a little patience."). Now, although the concept perhaps remains unchanged, the references of death and life have been radically revalued, not to say reversed. From now on, his poems are continually exercised by the mysterious Christian paradox that birth is a kind of dying—the death that is necessary to spiritual life. The paradox was partially foreshadowed in *The Waste Land*, in the context of pagan vegetation ceremonies :

That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
Has it begun to sprout ? Will it bloom this year ?

Now it is explored more profoundly, in the manner of the medieval mystics.

Ash Wednesday, as the title suggests, is a poem of purgation and preparation. That these are also seen as a special problem of old age may be gathered from the opening line

Because I do not hope to turn again.

This line is a rendering from a poem written by the thirteenth-century metaphysical poet and friend of Dante, Guido Cavalcanti. It was written in exile, and on the verge of death, and may therefore be taken to signify that acute sense of deprivation with which old age is first apprehended. The age *motif* is further emphasized by the

"aged eagle" reference mentioned earlier. The eagle's wings reappear towards the end of this section of the poem, and charged with peculiar meaning :

Because these wings are no longer wings to fly
But merely vans to beat the air . . .

The flight of wings may be taken as a conventional figure for the youthful life of the senses—but in old age the wings have not entirely ceased to function. They have *changed* their function. The word "vans" is specially interesting, as it combines three notions. It is an *archaism* for "wings" (suggesting obsolescence) but it also means "winnowing fans" and even a windmill's "sails", both of which are genuinely functional. This redistribution of faculties in age, a new use for old forms, as it were, epitomizes Eliot's revised approach to age. It comes out still more strongly in the prayer which unifies *Ash Wednesday* : "Teach us to sit still." In *Gerontion*, the old man "driven to a sleepy corner" sat still by necessity. The posture was hopeless and negative. Now there are felt to be creative possibilities in that stillness.

This lesson, of course, is one of the hardest in the world. For while old age, by its release from sensuous distractions, might seem to be particularly receptive to the counsels of the spirit, it is also correspondingly subject to a profound longing for sleep and conclusion. This longing is latent in much of the poetry of the dying nineteenth century—its inconsolable languor and *accidie* have been commented on by critics from Walter Pater onwards. This crucial dilemma of age is treated most movingly in some of the so-called "Ariel" poems which belong to the same period as *Ash Wednesday*. In three of them—*Journey of the Magi*, *A Song for Simeon* and *Marina*—T. S. Eliot returns to his device of dramatizing the thoughts of an old man. The spokesman of the Magi, though aware of portent in the Birth they had come to see, speaks of it as "hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death," and, knowing that life can never now be the same, would "be glad of another death". Simeon, a believer but rooted in the old order of belief, prefers death to the terrible revolution of the New Covenant. (In *Marina*, though the old King Pericles wavers in the same ambivalent twilight, there is a fresher and more hopeful note than in any preceding poem of Mr. Eliot's.)

The remaining "Ariel" poem, *Animula*, which describes the soul's progress through a life-cycle, ends with a prayer which is a reversal of the expected : "Pray for us now and at the hour of our *birth*" (my italics). This paradox of a pre-natal old age informs Eliot's latest poetic work, the *Four Quartets*. It is interesting to note that the setting of each Quartet is one of temporal age in some aspect. In *Burnt Norton*, there is the silent house and deserted

garden, with its drained, dry pool. *East Coker* is the Somerset village from which the poet's sixteenth century ancestors abandoned the Old World for the New. The river in *The Dry Salvages* is in some sense the river of life or time, considered at the very point where it flows into the sea of eternity. It carries all the weight—literally the dead weight—of history, "its cargo of dead Negroes, cows and chicken coops. . . ." *Little Gidding* is the site of Nicholas Ferrar's seventeenth-century experiment in a Christian community (a place "where prayer has been valid"), now derelict and even carrying a special association of defeat in the reference to the "broken king" visiting it by night (Charles I on the eve of his surrender at Newark). Against such allusive or dominant backgrounds, the poet draws still closer to the mystery of passivity, the utterly neutral "darkness of God" (or "dark night of the soul"), the purgatorial prerequisite of divine communion.

Four Quartets has by now received its share of attention from the commentators and there is no need here for further analysis. T. S. Eliot's direct references to old age in these poems, however, are worth a mention perhaps. The Dantesque apparition in *Little Gidding* who converses with the poet catalogues "the gifts reserved for age" in a memorably sardonic passage which begins with an echo of *Gerontion* :

First, the cold friction of expiring sense
Without enchantment, offering no promise
But bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit
As body and soul begin to fall asunder. . . .

Earlier, in *East Coker*, the poet has discounted equally grimly the conventional "autumnal serenity and wisdom of age" :

Do not let me hear
Of the wisdom of old men, but rather of their folly,
Their fear of fear and frenzy, their fear of possession,
Of belonging to another, or to others, or to God.
The only wisdom we can hope to acquire
Is the wisdom of humility : humility is endless.

No prospect of comfortable retirement emerges from Mr. Eliot's studies of age. Whether the end is death or rebirth, there is nothing in store but pain, cold, darkness, desolation and despair. But for an ageing civilization, whose symptoms of aridity and disintegration, as mirrored by *Gerontion* or *Tiresias*, can hardly be overlooked any longer, this is the most pertinent and perhaps the only kind of poetry we have a right to expect.

EASTER MATINS

BY W. S. HILL-REID

Here amid these Norman stones I stand
Afore the lectern with them cherubims
Resting the Holy Script upon their heads
As if it weighed no more nor thistledown.
'Tis Easter morn and though no scholard I
Parson he asks me read the second lesson
'Cause as he often says, 'twere proper thus
That at this gladsome time, one such as me
Should send the message ringing out about ;
A worker on the land ; a man of soil
Who knows the Season's, Church's festival,
Not by no calendar, but by the palms
That peep out shyly from some briar bush
And by their pussy heads tell us that soon
Summer, so rich, will flood itself upon us
Like a warm, golden river in its spate
And carry us into brown Autumn's mist
And then into dead Winter's cruelty.
'Tis proper wonderful to search the aisle
And con the faces of the listeners :
Jim Akermaster and his long wife, Sue,
Him and her married now these forty year ;
And William Roote whose great arms down at forge
Could lift a bullock's fore-legs off the ground
When he be younger than he do be now.
And Gratton up at garage ; he can swear
And drink his pint and kiss the willing gals ;
Aye, more'n that, my missus often says,
But he do sing so hearty in the psalms
That what he do in week don't signify.
Then shyly in the back hides Janet Fare
Grey and sharp-tongued ; a servant of the State
Although she do sell t'other things as well,
Marbles and string, sweeties and jars of ink,
And pills for ' screws ' laced on a cardboard square.
In the front pew, straight as my new-turned ridge,
Blue-red of skin and tidy of moustache
'Long with his lady and their fair boy, Tom,
Sits Colonel Frosdyke as his father did,
Aye, and his father's father too and longer still ;
For they do say my family have served
Two hundred mortal years up at the Park
And n'er a change of ownership, thank God !

Not that I think nought ill of Mr. Pym ;
He what comes down for week-ends regular
In his great car with lamps all over it
Wearing his country suit and sportsman's hat
As if he knowed they somehow bogerous were.
But t'aint the same quite ; Easter morn don't call
Him to this holy place ; nor do he larn
The names of likes of me ; nor can he say
Which of the fields be barley, wheat or oats,
Which bird be wren, or which be finch or thrush,
Which trees be birch or ash or oak or larch,
Though they do say he know a mop of things
That we down here have never heard about.
And then there's old Parson, a most reverend Sir
Calm in his stall ; as if he spoke to Him
Secretly and in such a ghostly way
As can be clearly heard above the sky :
Seems since he lost his boy at Alamein
He do more wistfully glance to that vast space
And a more gentle manner rides with him ;
Though to be sure he always were soft spoke,
Always a smiling word for worried folk ;
Though have I heard his pay aren't half so good
As many of us who can scarcely read.
'Tis proper shame, but 'tis how things be now
Yet I have never seed him argufy
No, nor his missus, bless her rosy heart,
As to the rights and wrongs of such a thing.
Ah ! I must keep me mind about the job,
Forget them snuffling angels in the choir
And the sharp wheezing of old Ted Egan
As he do blow them bellars up and down
In the loud chorus of the Gloria.
Nor watch the ruby beams of Easter sun,
Lovely and melting as they work their way
Through the sweet windows of the timbered East
And fall so smiling on the chancel steps ;
Moving across as slow as clock's small hand
And telling us our mortal lives be short.
Now do I read the words from this great book
And as I read there seems to come to me
Something so wondrous strange, and I do feel
That if I've got to rise again from deathly grave
May I return to this here gracious place ;
This bit of England I do love so well.

CAPABILITY BROWN

BY NORMAN NICHOLSON

A FEW lines from "The Rise and Progress of the Present Taste in Planting" reveal how the eighteenth century regarded one of her most extraordinary men, and suggest also how his name became a legend and even something of a joke to later generations :

For both the Sister Arts in him combin'd,
Enrich the great ideas of his mind ;
And these still brighten all his vast designs,
For here the Painter, there the Poet shines ! . . .
He barren tracts with every charm illumines,
At his command a new Creation blooms ;
Born to grace Nature and her works complete,
With all that's beautiful, sublime and great !
For him each Muse enwreathes the Laurel Crown,
And consecrates to Fame immortal Brown.

It is to explain that legend and, at least in part, to explain away that joke that Miss Stroud has written this biography*—a work of careful and thorough research, which brings with it not so much the smell of old letters and account books, as the shade and shimmer of lakes and gardens. Brown, as Mr. Christopher Hussey says in his short but authoritative introduction, was the greatest exponent of the Ideal Landscape. After his time came the "impresarios of the Picturesque", Uvedale Price and Payne Knight, who were concerned primarily with visual values, conceiving the countryside in terms of the view, of the picture. But Brown was more of a poet than a painter, and never allowed the principles of pictorial composition to dominate his designs. Hannah More, in a letter, tells how he compared his art with that of literature. "Now *there*," said he, pointing his finger, "I make a comma, and *there*," pointing to another spot, "where a more decided turn is proper, I make a colon." Such language would not come naturally to one such as William Gilpin, to whom painting was the dominant and almost all-inclusive art.

Brown's landscape, says Mr. Hussey, was a natural expression of the liberal humanism of the eighteenth century. In his work, and in that of William Kent (especially at Stowe, where, according to Miss Stroud, Brown worked under Kent's direction) there was a vision of

* *Capability Brown*, by Dorothy Stroud. *Country Life*. 2 guineas.

Paradise Regained. Man, by his Fall, had dragged down Nature with him, had defaced the beauty of Eden. And now that Man had raised himself again to the true nobility of his powers, had, to all intents, freed himself from Original Sin, he was able to raise Nature with him. He was able, in fact, to restore to Nature that Original Beauty which God (or perhaps it would be better to say the Great Artificer) had intended for her.

But, of course, even in the eighteenth century Man did not know what Eden really looked like, and he had therefore to build his conception with hints and memories drawn from painting and literature. Claude, Poussin, Salvador Rosa, Thomson, Milton, Spenser—these provided the ingredients of the Ideal Landscape if they did not already, as later, dictate the actual designs. Philosophy too, made its contribution. Burke had divided aesthetic emotion into two classes—that of the Sublime and that of the Beautiful ; the former aroused by the sensations of danger, the latter by the sensations of love and sex. The Sublime was a bit beyond the resources of the average Georgian squire, but the Beautiful was more easily achieved, depending, according to Burke, on the attributes of Smallness, Smoothness, Roundness and Gentle Graduation. These, translated into landscape, become the winding paths, the serpentine rivers and lakes, the undulating lawns and fields, the encircling belts of woodland, and the misty, swelling distances of wooded hill and hollow—all of which are typical of the Brownian method.

Such ambitious schemes involved great expense and immense labour—the grubbing up of hedges, the filling of ditches, the laying of drains, the felling and planting of trees, the turfing of slopes, the levelling of hillocks, the damming of streams, the flooding of valleys. On account of this expense and of the destruction of former gardens and of natural features, Brown was severely criticized by his immediate successors, but Miss Stroud makes a good case for believing that his 'destructions' were not as drastic or as arbitrary as has been thought. Whenever he could, for instance, he retained old avenues and copses, and, anyway, he planted much more than he felled—and it is said that when he was appointed Royal Gardener at Hampton Court, he turned down, "out of respect for himself and his profession," George III's suggestion to sweep away the formal layout on the east side. To-day, certainly, those of his works which survive are often things of great beauty, lovely archaisms, as uneasy in our civilization as a Gainsborough girl at a jitterbug session. Time, indeed, has treated them more kindly than the work of many poets, painters and composers who were Brown's contemporaries. But if we admit with Mr. Hussey that he was in a way a 'four-dimensional' artist, we must remember that time has looked kindly, too, on many a hedge, a pool, a bridge, or an old hovel that once had little to commend

itself to the eye. I know a worked-out iron ore mine which time, in no more than fifty years, has changed into a place as enchanting as all the grottos and water-gardens of the east, with its aviary of birds and its rockery of rare flowers.

Lancelot Brown was born in 1716 at a village in Northumberland. He attended a local school, and when he left at the age of 16, became a gardener on the nearby estate of Sir William Loraine. Here he learned the rudiments of his craft, planting, ditching, draining, and horticulture, so that when, seven years later, he decided to travel south in search of fortune, he was able to find work first of all with Sir Richard Grenville at Wootton in Oxfordshire, and then with Grenville's brother-in-law, Lord Cobham, at Stowe. The gardens at Stowe, through the work of Bridgeman, Vanbrugh and Kent, were already famous throughout the country, and young Brown must have been delighted at the opportunity to show his talent. He was soon promoted from the kitchen garden to the post of head-gardener, where he had to carry out the extensive improvements planned by Kent. Whether he himself had a hand in the planning is not quite certain (though Miss Stroud convinces us of its likeliness), but soon, at any rate, he was advising Lord Cobham's friends and neighbours on the embellishment of their estates, and in 1749, he came to London and set up on his own as a professional artist in landscape. From then onwards his career was one of immense success. He re-planned 'seat' after 'seat', practised also as an architect (with greater skill than has usually been acknowledged), formed a business association with the building firm of Holland, and married his daughter to a younger member of that firm, the tasteful and talented Henry. He was industrious and thorough, personally supervising all the projects for which he was responsible, never allowing shoddy or unreliable workmanship. His fees were high, but he was careful with his expenses and scrupulous in his accounts. As the years passed, he became adviser to half the nobility in the country, the friend of the king, and, at one time, a peace-maker between him and Lord Chatham. And when he died in 1783, he had signed his name across England with a boldness and individuality which was not to be equalled till a very different landscapist, George Stephenson, arrived in the next century.

Miss Stroud tells this story with a wealth of detail and document. It surprises us when she puts Lowther Castle in Northumberland (it would have surprised Capability's son, too, when he tried to obtain Sir James Lowther's support as candidate for the borough of Cockermouth), but elsewhere she shows the most diligent scholarship and care. Her book is illustrated with reproductions of Brown's own designs, and with many photographs of his works as they appear to-day—and these latter make by far his most eloquent advocates.

Yet, when we have admitted his genius, and acknowledged his part in shaping (or should one say lifting ?) the face of England, it is still scarcely possible to think of him without a smile. That apt and slightly ridiculous nickname has not stuck throughout two centuries for no reason. His face in the portraits has an almost coy cock-sureness—the huge nose handed on like a dowry with his daughter, the prim, self-satisfied, schoolmaster mouth. His contemporaries, however much they admired his work, rarely referred to him without a raised eyebrow ; “ Mr. Brown sees great Capabilities in the stable,” they would say, quizzing him quietly even while they employed him. And there were the stories which circulated among his clients. How when he had completed the lakes at Blenheim, he exclaimed : “ Thames, thou wilt never forgive me ” ; how he told one landowner : “ My Lord, there is nothing to be done here unless you plant one half of your estate and lay the other under water.” The stories are possibly false, the legend exaggerated, but it can scarcely have been altogether unfounded.

Of course, a good deal of the criticism which was directed against Capability in the latter part of the eighteenth century came from the connoisseurs of the Picturesque. These, demanding a purely visual approach and delighting in such “ picturesque ” (in the debased sense of the word) objects as ruined towers and gothic dairies, protested against Brown’s humanist landscape. True he could ‘ gothicize ’ a stable when requested, and at Alnwick he contrived to adapt the ruins of a convent into a menagerie, but on the whole he avoided the fashionable extravagances of the new school. At Kew, for instance, he quickly got rid of Merlin’s Cave, a fantastic grotto-like affair, where Stephen Duck, the ploughman poetaster held court with the wax effigies of Queen Elizabeth and others. In such matters he has our complete support.

But not all the criticism came from the disciples of Gilpin or of Horace Walpole. Pope, for instance, who had a real appreciation of the principles on which Brown worked, satirizes the excesses of the movement and preaches a more practical kind of estate management :

His Father’s Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he increase . . .
Whose ample Lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed ;
Whose rising Forests, not for pride or show,
But future Buildings, future Navies, grow :
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a Country, and then raise a Town.

Compared with Pope, Cowper is less anxious to score a point, but more truly concerned for the fate of the countryside which he knew

and understood so well, He too, criticizes the expense of landscape gardening, but his comments probe deeper than Pope's :

Lo, he comes !
 Th' omnipotent magician, Brown, appears !
 Down falls the venerable pile, th' abode
 Of our forefathers—a grave, whisker'd race,
 But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead,
 But in a distant spot ; where, more expos'd,
 It may enjoy th' advantage of the north,
 And aguish east, till time shall have transform'd
 Those naked acres to a shelt'ring grove.
 He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn ;
 Woods vanish, hills subside, and vallies rise :
 And streams, as if created for his use,
 Pursue the track of his directing wand.

The arguments may be rather unfair, but taken together these two extracts expose the fundamental weakness of the movement which Brown represented. As long as it restricted itself to the garden proper, it added greatly to the art of living, but when it stretched out to more ambitious schemes, it was guilty of grave disproportion, becoming, in fact, an expression of social pride and spiritual complacency. It subdued the traditional life of the countryside for the sake of a view ; it reduced the complex reality of the natural world to mere aesthetics. Man treated Nature, in Cowper's phrase, "as if created for his use." In other words, Man aspired to the ultimate romantic heresy of playing at being himself the creator, a heresy which found its final expression in such fantasies as *Frankenstein*.

Moreover, all other things were sacrificed to landscape at the very time when it was beginning to decay as an imaginative force in western civilization. It is true that this decay took a long time to manifest itself and, in the meantime, Wordsworth, Constable and Turner raised Nature to a religion for many. Wordsworth, however, when he looked at Nature grew more and more to see, not landscape, but rocks and stones and trees, while science teaches us to see cells and bacteria and atoms. To-day almost everyone enjoys a view, but the imaginative man can no longer accept it as a convincing image of reality. He knows that landscape is a subjective conception, a creation of the mind and brain, very far removed from the ultimate truth about the natural world, so that when he paints it he acknowledges, quite frankly, that he is painting his own thoughts. Only by concentrating on small, concrete objects—a boulder, a bunch of mushrooms, a fallen tree—can he hope to get anywhere near representation of the thing seen, and then only from a point of view which must seem quite irrelevant to the thing itself.

Nature, in fact, in the mind of modern man, seems to be approach-

ing close to the primal chaos from which she was formed, and beside this lack of confidence in our understanding of the external world, Brown's grandiose conceptions seem curiously futile. Nevertheless, because they are a significant and beautiful product of one phase of the human spirit, we ought to preserve them as long as we can, and perhaps, some day, a new synthesis will enable us to see in them a coherence which was not dreamed of even by Capability himself.

LULLABY FOR A COUNTRY CHILD

BY IRIS BIRTWISTLE

Sleep, Sleep,
Let tread come soft,
Speech come low,
Night come swift,
Wheel turn slow.

Sleep, Sleep,
Call cat to fire,
Dog to kennel,
Bird to nest,
Cow to byre,
Child to cradle,
All to rest.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

GOTHIC AND GREEK ARCHITECTURE

BY F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS

"**B**UILD A PORCH," wrote John Ruskin, "or point a window if you can do nothing else; and remember that it is the chief glory of Gothic Architecture that it can do anything." In the limited sense of building versatility, Ruskin was uncontestedly right. But despite its many-sidedness, as John Harvey writes in his Introduction,* "it never assimilated the true dome and even had difficulty in using the centralized plan itself. It is clear that such limitations had little to do with structure for the ingenuity and skill of the greatest Gothic architects was unlimited. Here was rather an inhibition of the Gothic spirit."

He goes on to point out that a measurement of the confines within which the Gothic designers worked, a survey of those architectural elements which they admitted or refused is an approach to a realization of the mental foundations on which the art was built. The deliberate avoidance of some forms and the adoption of others was conditioned to some extent, perhaps, by a desire to preserve homogeneity and avoid incongruity. This selectiveness, however, set no limit on the endless variety of Gothic shapes, either in mass or detail. Such flexible and inventive use of form and ornament was only made possible by an assured mastery of new constructional methods, of which the most significant was the development of the pointed arch. That is not to say, as some have said, that the whole Gothic achievement was the result of perfecting a construction for butting two segments of an arch, one against the other, with a vertical joint at the apex. The true significance of the broken arch was that it was the perfect

idiom to express an imagination that reached heavenwards. It enabled the designers to envisage space enclosed in upward, soaring lines and to place such reliance on the nicely balanced stresses of the upright framework that the walls were no more than a sheltering fabric, pierced in elaborately patterned apertures to house the richly coloured transparency of stained glass.

John Harvey's survey of the Gothic world combines the authoritative approach of an historian with the sensitive assessments of an artist. Consequently, it is a convincing and enthusiastic work. His concern is largely with architecture because, as he says, it was the trunk from which the other arts grew as lesser branches. Using the utmost care in his choice of terms, he defines those occupied with Gothic building under the headings of architect, craftsman and worker. The architect was an artist, the creative initiator of the design, of the mental concept as distinct from the measured projections or working drawings. The craftsman was an imitator, trained in dexterity to give material expression to the artist's design. The workman served artist and craftsman as an unskilled labourer. The term architecture, John Harvey applies to building which is "the outcome of fresh creative thought", which "has been designed for a specific purpose" and which "durably fulfils its purpose". He develops his definition further to consider how far the architect was concerned with a deliberate aesthetic appeal in his design. "At the outset," he writes, "we are faced with the difficulty that men of the Gothic period did not discuss the problems of aesthetic criticism, or if they did, their views have

* *The Gothic World*, by John Harvey. Batsford. 30s.

not been preserved." Judgments on art and theories of beauty were, however, freely expressed by Gothic writers and philosophers. Moreover, there is such abundant evidence of manifest aesthetic intention in the great example of Gothic building that the question is, not whether their beauty is merely extrinsic to the purpose for which they were built, but rather to what extent an idea of beauty, a desire to please the eye was a conscious part of the designer's conception.

Throughout the period, there was a conflict of views between those who, like St. Bernard and the Cistercians, maintained with passionate intensity that physical beauty was a sinful distraction and those who, like the influential Abbot Suger, the minister of Louis VI, condemned rigid asceticism and sought an intelligent compromise between extravagance and austerity. Initially, neither point of view was stated in terms of an aesthetic proposition. At a later time when scholars, suffused with Aristotelian research, sought to put a definitive outline round every aspect of life, a more or less strict code was applied to the decorative and ornamental features of architecture. But the design of buildings, conditioned as it was, by a great variety of purposes, climates and available materials, could not easily be confined to a set of formulae. Apart from this, the project of erecting a large building involved problems of planning, construction and organization of such technical complexity as to outreach the capacity and experience of the scholars' minds. Those conventions that were adopted or imposed, were they rigid or pliant, did nothing to curb the production of endless variations of form and pattern, nor did they divert the designers from making constant reference to nature, the chief and abundant source of their inventiveness. "The exquisite balance between imitation of nature and adherence to conventions," John Harvey writes, "... is the chief glory of Gothic design."

As it was with Gothic, so with Greek. "If ever architects planned or designed with true originality, they were the Greeks. But it was the conservatism, the traditionalism of the style which, after its constructive form was fixed, gave us the masterpiece of culmination in Athens." The extract is from Professor Dinsmoor's volume* which, in a new and revised edition, has made a very welcome reappearance. Here is the whole chronicle of Greek architectural achievement from the Aegean age, up to the pinnacle of the Attic phase and thence downwards to the period of Roman annexation. This history, most deservedly called a standard work, is planned so that the characteristic civilization of each phase may be seen in close relation to its social, political and geographical environment. "For what can tell of the Greeks more worthily", Professor Dinsmoor asks, "than the actual buildings which the wants and ideals of their civilization determined?"

THE ARABS IN HISTORY, by
Bernard Lewis. *Hutchinson's
University Library.* 7s. 6d.

Professor Lewis emphasizes in his preface that his book is not so much a history of the Arabs as an essay in interpretation. It is therefore essentially for students who already know a good deal about the narrative of Arab history; and for them it is a valuable and handy contribution to knowledge of the rôle the Arabs have played. He explains in attractive argument how a change came over the Arab Empire as it first grew bigger and bigger and then smaller and smaller; how the appeal of the purely Arab character of Mohamed's mission and of the religion which he founded, gradually weakened as one foreign people after another accepted Islam; and how, particularly after the golden age of the Arab Empire, it was Islam and not that vague thing—

* *The Architecture of Ancient Greece*, by William Bell Dinsmoor. Batsford. 30s.

Arab nationalism—that bound the Islamic world together. The Arabs had launched Islam: but once launched, Islam itself slowly became less and less Arab.

It is interesting, too, to watch the secular powers of Islam—founded on Sharia Law from the tenets established by Mohamed's teaching—gradually becoming almost as important an Islamic link as the religion itself and how for the Islamic world at large it still holds its unique position. Professor Lewis's narrative, as it unfolds itself down the centuries, is deft and arresting; and then there is a swing of the pendulum.

The nineteenth century produced the Arab renaissance; and in the purely Arab world—that is in those parts where most of the population was Moslem and Arabic-speaking—there emerges a sort of revivalist Arab movement, starting in Beirut and spreading to Damascus, Baghdad and Cairo, with all the emphasis on Arab tradition, religion and history and on the veneration of spoken and written Arabic in its purest form. It is true, as Professor Lewis points out, that cohesive Arab nationalism does not yet exist and that the Arab League is more a power-politics alliance than a national movement; but the League would never have been born had there not been between its members not only the common threat of Zionism, but also a common pride in their common heritage of the greatness of the Arab past and the sanctity of the Arabic language. The League is, in fact, Arab rather than Islamic; whereas in world-wide Islam the purely Arab character of the religion as it was conceived, has tended to disappear.

Turning to the reactions of the Arabs to western influences and western inventions, Professor Lewis stresses the extent to which anything approaching a suggestion of western tutelage provokes deep Arab resentment. This mood has undoubtedly caused vague Arab suspicions *vis à vis* the United

Nations with whom they find themselves now associated. This may be a passing phase. If it does pass, the outcome may be a renewal of their society from within and a "meeting with the west on terms of equal co-operation, absorbing something of both its science and humanism not only in shadow but in substance, in a harmonious balance with their own inherited Arab tradition."

OWEN TWEEDY.

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE, by
Patrick Leigh Fermor. *John Murray.*
21s.

For centuries the galaxy of Caribbean islands has been keeper of the gates of empire; for the Aztecs and the Incas, for the Spaniards, and, in our own day, for that Pan-American world in which, inevitably, the United States has been the dominant partner. To-day the islands of the Caribbean remain the guardians not only of the Panama Canal but of the "soft under-belly" of the United States and of that storehouse of raw materials which is Latin America. It is therefore natural that many have been led to contend for their possession, and through the centuries British, French, Dutch, Danish, Spanish and American cutlasses have all flashed in the Caribbean sun. The exploits of Drake and Hawkins, Rodney and Nelson, not to mention Sir Henry Morgan and Captain Kidd, assured the islands of the Spanish Main a firm place in the imagination; the exuberance of eighteenth century England owed much to the West Indies.

But that page has been turned. To-day the fate of nations is decided by sociology, and the Caribbean has all the ingredients that have gone into the problems we now face in Asia and Africa. Where else in the modern world do we find British, French, Dutch and United States colonies existing against so diverse a background and so close together? A proximity that makes easy a comparison of one with the other, and of all with the equally close examples of West Indian indepen-

dence—Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic. And where else does the population consist so preponderantly of an alien race whose forbears were so recently forcibly carried off from their old homes to slavery in their new, and who to-day are still the victims, in varying degree, of racial discrimination?

The Caribbean islands offer every opportunity for a dull analysis in terms of over-development, under-development, birth-rates, living standards, and all the rest of the paraphernalia to which we are accustomed. But Mr. Leigh Fermor gives sympathy without sentimentality and information without statistics. His is an excellent book, in which the Caribbean islands come alive in all the light and shade of their places and peoples. He has approached his subject with an understanding humanity, a humility, almost, which makes it difficult to pick out for comment any one or two passages without being unfair to something else extraordinarily satisfying.

Mr. Leigh Fermor speaks of Spanish Town, Jamaica, as possessing that "late afternoon atmosphere peculiar to towns that have lost their importance." It can hardly escape any reader of this book that it is late afternoon in all these Caribbean islands. And what of the night? Mr. Leigh Fermor says he wrote his book "to give pleasure", and this, with its excellent photographs, it certainly does. But the book has a greater importance than that; for it can be properly regarded as essential to a proper understanding of these oft-forgotten islands, whose night—if it comes—will darken our horizon as well as theirs.

N. P. MACDONALD.

THE GREEK TRAGIC POETS, by D. W. Lucas. *Cohen and West*. 15s.
VIEWS OF ATTICA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS, by Rex Warner. *John Lehmann*. 15s.

To appreciate or indeed to criticize properly the works of the great classical writers, we must first give our minds and

imaginations a clear understanding of the essential differences between our own day and theirs. Only so can these works make their contribution to the modern world with effect.

The aim of Mr. Lucas's book is to give an account of the writings of the three great tragic poets of Athens for the benefit first of those who approach them simply as poets and dramatists without having learned Greek. He has also kept in mind those who have learned enough to read some of the plays in the original and in his notes has met, with all the resources of modern scholarship, a number of problems more especially for such readers. The university student in particular should therefore welcome the book, and of those who have passed beyond that stage many will no doubt agree that it would have been a godsend when they first began to study these matters seriously. (Incidentally both sorts of reader will welcome the same publisher's announcement that Mr. Lucas's translations of the *Alcestis* and of the *Electra* are to be added shortly to his admirable prose versions of Euripides which are already available. *)

To begin, short sketches of the political, economic and religious background of the age bring out the elements of permanence and stability so lacking in our own civilization, and the energy and enthusiasm prevalent in the newly won democracy. Mr. Lucas emphasizes the hope and vitality which were such marked features of that small world, so near the time when tradition merged into myth and the natural way to express new thought was by a new myth.

This account of fifth-century Athenian society is a necessary prelude to any discussion of the nature of Greek tragedy, which the author does not see as the necessary consequence of its environment; though he is concerned to stress its importance as an activity of

**The Medea of Euripides and The Ion of Euripides*. Translated by D. W. Lucas. *Cohen and West*. 5s. each. (Reviewed in THE FORTNIGHTLY, January 1950, by W. Thomson Hill.)

the whole community. It is in grasping with real understanding this latter concept that the modern mind finds by contrast one of its greatest difficulties.

An account of the development of the ideas of Aeschylus and of the dramatic form in which he expressed them is followed by individual consideration of each of the plays of Sophocles and by a more general review of the many plays of Euripides, with the more important ones treated at greater length. Mr. Lucas's analysis is masterly; this is shown particularly in discussing the poets' handling of character and their comparative unawareness of the mysteries of personality, since it is here more than anywhere else perhaps that the greatest significant differences between their literature and our own lie.

Mr. Warner has made no attempt to add another guide book or another archaeological study of Greece to the existing ones; he has rather produced a declaration of affection, a personal survey of the things that made him fall in love with Greece, both when he lived in Athens from 1945-1947 and on a subsequent visit. Mr. Warner is a poet, and has purposely said nothing about the internal troubles of Greece in the last decade; this does not mean that he is unaware of them, but that he is brave enough to admit to an inability to make judgments where he is ignorant of facts. This is a welcome contrast to the prevalent tendency among some writers to visit countries with their minds politically made up in advance.

Here is not a book for political reflections, but for the delight that simple everyday scenes and customs may give to a traveller, particularly when enhanced by the imagination of a writer steeped in the literature of the country and approaching what he sees with the enthusiasm of a lover. The book is illustrated with a number of excellent photographs, which can hardly fail to induce in many, who have not had the opportunity of doing so, the desire to visit Greece and see for themselves.

J. F. BURNET.

ESSAYS BY DIVERS HANDS. New Series, Vol. XXV. Edited by Sir Edward Marsh. *Oxford University Press* for The Royal Society of Literature. 12s. 6d.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES. New Series, Vol. III. Collected by G. Rostrevor Hamilton for the English Association. *Murray*. 8s. 6d.

The almost simultaneous appearance of the latest volumes in the well-known series sponsored by two leading learned societies throws interesting light on some of the subjects engaging the attention of representative members of the intelligentsia to-day. Several of the R.S.L. essays take a bird's eye survey of the centuries from the classical period onwards. The widest sweep is in the essay by Dr. H. V. Routh on "This World's Idea of the Next" wherein he distinguishes the views on the after life of Socrates, Virgil, some medieval visionaries and Dante. Dr. (now Sir) C. M. Bowra takes us back to the golden period of Attic tragedy in his glowing panegyric on Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*. "Though the form is not strictly Greek, its subject and its spirit are." On the other hand Mr. L. P. Wilkinson in "The Baroque Spirit in Ancient Art and Literature" illustrates the reaction against classic perfection of form. Baroque is "grandiose, arresting, theatrical." He traces it back to the third century B.C. in the epic of Apollonius and the poetry of Callimachus.

With Dr. Beatrice White's "Fact and Fancy in Medieval English Literature" we pass to a period whose "art can be considered a response to the prevailing trend towards allegory and mysticism." Hence the mixture in it of fact and fancy, fully illustrated. From a different angle Mr. G. M. Young approaches the middle ages in his suggestive essay on "Scott and History" where Sir Walter's revolution in the writing of medieval history is ascribed to his search for historic truth impartially and unconstrainedly. It is not

with Chatterton's medieval associations but his personal side that Mr. E. H. W. Meyerstein deals in his interesting "A Bristol Friendship." He there prints and discusses two previously unknown letters to the poet from John Baker who sailed to Charleston on November 11, 1768.

Three striking articles of more modern import complete the volume. Professor Gordon Ray discusses *Vanity Fair*, with the sub-title: "One Version of the Novelist's Responsibility." For ten years drawing bitterly truthful pictures of contemporary life Thackeray had achieved only a limited reputation. But in 1846, partly owing to domestic circumstances, he went through a change of heart, and when he completed *Vanity Fair*, published in 1847-1848, he adopted a new ethical tone which won for him popularity.

Mr. Somerset Maugham, himself a master in that *genre*, discusses the development of "The Short Story" with examples from Maupassant, Poe,

Chekhov, Kipling and Katherine Mansfield. Mr. Charles Morgan, as it were, supplements this in "Turgenev's Treatment of a Love-Story", when he examines "First Love", "the only story in the world of which I am prepared to say that it is flawless."

The English Association volume also has several essays with extensive view. Mr. Owen Barfield in "Greek Thought in English Words", traces with subtle insight the development in our vocabulary of 'idea', 'species' and kindred terms from Plato and Aristotle onwards. Mr. Neville Coghill goes back to fourth-century Latin grammarians for the "parent stock" of the concept developed through the middle ages wherein he finds "the Basis of Shakespearian Comedy" essentially romantic, illustrated by original criticism derived from his experience as a producer of plays. Mr. E. C. Pettet in "Shakespeare's Conception of Poetry" finds in the passage beginning: "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" (*M.N.D.*)

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

The Employment of the Blind

The degree to which blind people can adjust themselves to life and contribute valuable service to the community has been consistently underrated. Attitudes to the problem are in process of being recast and this report by a Working Party is thus a timely contribution to modern thought on the subject.

1s. 9d. (1s. 11d.)

Civil Service Selection Board

Report on a controversial examination technique which was used in the Reconstruction Competitions.

1s. 9d. (1s. 11d.)

Landing and Taking-off of Aircraft in Bad Weather

Recent flying accidents in bad weather have led to the examination, reported here, of the relative responsibilities of those concerned in decisions to use aerodromes in doubtful weather conditions. (Cmd. 8147).

9d. (10d.)

Prices in brackets include postage

HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

York House, Kingsway, London W.C.2 ; 429 Oxford Street, London W.1. (Post Orders: P.O. Box 569, London S.E.1.); 13A Castle Street, Edinburgh 2 ; 39 King Street, Manchester 2 ; 2 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3 ; 1 St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff ; Tower Lane, Bristol 1 ; 80 Chichester Street, Belfast ;

or through any bookseller.

an analogy with Plato's view in *Ion* of the poet as "one inspired and out of his senses." On the other hand, "Our poetry is a gum which oozes" (*Timon of Athens*) has its counterpart in A. E. Housman's view of it as "a secretion." It is with further aspects of critical theory that Professor Tillotson deals in "Arnold and Pater", showing the different implications for the two writers of the view that the critic must "see the object as in itself it really is."

From critics the volume passes to novelists. Mr. Eric Forbes-Boyd has a discriminatingly appreciative study of "Disraeli, the Novelist" which should gain him new readers to-day. Mr. R. L. Green in "Stevenson in search of a Madonna" throws from unpublished letters favourable light on the relations between R.L.S. and Mrs. Sitwell, later Lady Colvin, who in 1873 became his inspiring friend. Miss P. H. Johnson in "Three Novelists and the Drawing of Character" contrasts the respective technique of C. P. Snow, Joyce Cary and Ivy Compton-Burnett.

F. S. BOAS.

THE PLEASURES OF POVERTY,
an Argument and an Anthology, by
Anthony Bertram. *Hollis & Carter.*
15s.

SELECTED POEMS, by Thomas
Merton. With a Foreword by Robert
Speaight. *Hollis & Carter.* 12s. 6d.

While some of us may question a little wryly Blake's motto on the title page: "For Every Pleasure Money Is useless", in *The Pleasures of Poverty* Mr. Bertram, by gathering together in 380 close pages a full and original anthology of prose and verse, has proved himself an apt enough exponent of the viewpoint that "the best things in life are free." He has drawn from extensive sources, such as the Bible, the Roman poets, the Fathers of the Desert, Italian, French, and German authors, but mostly from English writers of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with a few

passages from the Victorians and the moderns. The metaphysicals naturally are well represented, and there is much of Abraham Cowley, to whose memory there is a dedication. Though the Argument of Mr. Bertram's collection, the explicit moralizing, extols the pleasures of poverty, it must be emphasized that in these days, when we are all more or less poor, comparative poverty only is his theme, as is contrariwise the bane of riches. Destitution is not intended, which is rightly regarded as an evil. Well, Wordsworth's plain living, if not high thinking, has certainly been forced upon us, and also there is much incentive to the latter in this book. Mr. Bertram hopes that *The Pleasures of Poverty* "will not be treated as an anthology to be dipped into but as a book to be read" and there is no doubt that if his invitation to solid reading is taken, the solace and spiritual uplift will be proportionately increased. At the same time this could make an almost ideal bedside book for the curious, so unhackneyed are some of the pieces. Perhaps the most rewarding section is that devoted to the proposition: "A Mind Content both Crown and Kingdom is."

The *Selected Poems* of Thomas Merton are introduced by an admirable, understanding and revealing Foreword by Robert Speaight. Thomas Merton, Mr. Speaight suggests as "the restless *littérateur* who has found peace and fulfilment in the discipline of the Cistercian Order . . . a Columbus of the spirit, navigating a more or less uncharted sea . . . who has given us the plain record of his journey in *Elected Silence* and the plain skeleton of his doctrine (which is that of St. John of the Cross) in *Seeds of Contemplation*." But here we have his song, based upon the most difficult theme of all, the understanding and interpretation of the love of God. On the hard problem of Thomas Merton's theme Mr. Speaight usefully comments: "Any intense experience of the human kind throws a radiance upon our path and transfigures the phenomena of our daily world. But

the religious experience, more often than not, plunges us in the dark." He goes on to claim for Merton's poems a deep sincerity and integrity of emotion, reminding us that "the chief pre-occupation of Thomas Merton is not poetry but prayer" and that the poetry is still in the making.

For the layman such a central pre-occupation with visionary things makes judgment cautious and tentative. It is clear, however, that Merton's direct apprehension of a material situation is valid so long as he chooses to exercise it. One is continually startled by his keen sensibility :

Someone who hears the bugle neigh will
know
How cold it is when sentries die by starlight.

Or :

And lifts her eyelids like the lids of treasures.

There is beauty in "Evening" and compassion in "The Bombarded City", sometimes a note of pure, almost hushed song, as in "Advent". One is

reminded of Sidney Keyes or perhaps of the influence of Eliot on Keyes, but without quite the liquid music or the symbolic clarity of either of those poets. If the compelled vision in Merton's poems is invariably vigorous, his unrhymed metres tend to become monotonous, and there are passages of obscurity for the uninitiate. But the best poems are memorable. "To the Immaculate Virgin, on a Winter Night" is a truly fine poem. I wish I had space to quote more of it.

Lady, the night is falling and the dark
Steals all the blood from the scarred west.
The stars come out and freeze my heart
With drops of untouchable music, frail as ice
And bitter as the new year's cross.

The roads are white, the fields are mute,
There are no voices in the wood
And trees make gallows up against the
sharp-eyed stars.
Oh where will Christ be killed again
In the land of these dead men ?

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

With the freeing of European Trade comes the amazing

CONTEX

the Adding Machine which has swept the continent



Precision built

Adds up to
£99,999 19s. 11½d.

Accurate

Portable

The machine with
a thousand uses

Price £16/10/0

Full details from the distributors :-

REPTON'S Ltd., Victoria Road, Ashford, Kent

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Just as Somerset Maugham is giving delight to both generations with the B.B.C. readings of his own stories, and hard on the cinema's discovery that they make good 'box office' in *Quartet* and *Trio* introduced by the "old party" himself, comes a volume to show that the art of the short story is not going to die with him, nor that it has been either ill or convalescent during the last 15 years.

In good health

ENGLISH STORIES FROM NEW WRITING (*Lehmann*. 10s. 6d.) begins, in "almost the exact chronological order", as John Lehmann the editor says, with Christopher Isherwood's picture of "The Nowaks" in Berlin's Wasser-torstrasse just before Hitler arrived, and "A Dark Red Chrysanthemum", which symbolized a lost airman to his mother, by Anthony Thorne is the last tale. There is the atmosphere of Elizabeth Bowen's wartime London in "Mysterious Kôr", and Alec Guinness's 90-foot schooner, with "the soft sighing sound in the rigging" to herald the storm through which she ran ammunition to the resistance group on a certain island (a long, long way from Lear's Fool). Of the 24 writers here, Rollo Woolley, Denton Welch, Alun Lewis and George Orwell are already dead, but Henry Green, William Sansom, P. H. Newby and Graham Greene are among the rest, of whom two women evoke childhood most poignantly. They are Julia Strachey and Rosamund Lehmann, the one of a nightmare of mother and school, the other in a sunlit holiday reverie. Not for the first time on this page is Rosamund Lehmann's small output deplored, although over-much handling of her special, delicate and delicious Muse might well strangle it.

The rebel

To one who admired D. H. Lawrence as a short-story teller, comes the reawakened regret that he did not leave the novel form alone and concentrate

on the other, and also on giving the world more of his coloured travel essays. If his particular Muse had been unhindered by his health, his temperament, his prophet's mantle and his enemy-friends, who can say that the less controversial result would have been a greater artist? To sweep away some of the perplexities of a group too near to see him clearly, and to encourage the young to discover what in him is true gold under the tinsel, Anthony West's D. H. LAWRENCE (*Arthur Barker*. 6s.) is a most efficient diviner-broom. Moreover, it is a book to put all the other ones—adulatory, bitter, and half and half—into their proper place in the pattern of the criticism of his life and work. Those who were sickened by the orgies of reminiscence after his death (and who must take on trust that he was a charming person when his actions are recorded so faithfully to prove him a churl), will be glad to see the emphasis here on the work, with a serious attempt to measure and assess Lawrence's impact on English letters.

"Rab the Rhymer"

Catherine Carswell was one of the biographical band whose studies in other spheres were preferred—in her case, it was *THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS* (dedicated in part to Lawrence), which is now re-issued by *Chatto & Windus* (16s.). Minor revisions have been made and illustrations added to a book which in 1930 to a Sassenach, who has since known and loved the countryside of Burns's birthplace, opened, as to Arthur Bryant—who is quoted on the dust jacket—"the door of a great treasure house; the literature and culture of Scotland."

The glory that was Greece

From Ayrshire's lusty ploughman to
... that blind bard did him immortal make
With verses ...

is a step to be taken in the company of the Cambridge University Reader in English. For 25 years F. L. Lucas has

been making translations which he has now collected into *GREEK POETRY FOR EVERYMAN* (*Dent*. 16s.). This pushes wide open the doors, round whose edges most of us but tentatively look, upon 15 centuries of literature from Homer to 550 A.D. Mr. Lucas has not tried, "except with Sapphics, to reproduce Greek lyric metres exactly; only to match their general structure... without torturing English rhythm." And the result is poetry that swings and rings, asking to be read aloud, haunting, mournful and glad. His notes, chronological table and Introduction, his commentaries linking passages and making the tales complete, his lightly-worn scholarship, his wit—"in poetry, unless one can lose oneself, one is losing one's time"—and commonsense too, seem to answer all the problems that could possibly arise. To one whose second visit to Italy has only strengthened the determination to follow all that inspiration to its source in Greece itself, this volume has already become a counsellor and friend.

F. L. Lucas

And but one week later, after what to most men would be a lifetime's labour, there appears another large book by F. L. Lucas, *LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY* (*Cassell*. 15s.) with all its predecessor's shrewdness and fun and, like that, utterly lacking in pedantry or portentousness. It is thus free from fashionable jargon, dogmatic premises and explanations that are made to fit theories. Yet, under his treatment, Shakespeare does indeed "turn out to be a better psychologist than we knew" and fairytales do "show themselves at times profounder than most professors." But his interpretations and judgments of literature whether from Addison or Zola, from Jane Austen or Wilde, from Ibsen to Joyce, from Macaulay to Virgil, or from Sade to Socrates, are poorly served by piecemeal plunder. So a reading from the Preface to the last page, on which he believes "that the future may need from writers some-

thing more than 'objectifying futility'," is immediately recommended.

More about R.L.S.

F. L. Lucas quotes R. L. Stevenson's down to earth desires: "(1) Good health; (2) two to three hundred a year; (3) *O du lieber Gott!* friends," and Malcolm Elwin goes behind the commonplace and the romantic legend alike with *THE STRANGE CASE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON* (*Macdonald* 12s. 6d.). If there is a case to be made for the Jekyll and Hyde counterparts in R.L.S. the author, with his previous experience in the field, is the one to present it. But, fresh from the bracingly practical winds in the previous book, the mind was unwilling to enter the steaming psychological jungle to track down poor sick, apprehensive Stevenson. For what healthy person can plumb the depths of despair of a young artist who knows that his life is short and his work unfinished? The cause of unease or distress would be obvious. However, these shrinkings were unnecessary, for Mr. Elwin has written a sensible and at the same time stimulating biography, continuing the story from well established, if evaded, suppositions. We knew with Henley that "this Seraph in Chocolate" was not a true picture of "the teller of tales" and we also suspected that *Virginibus Puerisque* was founded on experience of life far away from an invalid's couch; we even felt that Mrs. Stevenson may have been a curb on her husband's intellectual development, tenderly though she was guarding his physical health. So the author, so far from smashing ideals, makes his readers tolerate the "warts and all" that he came across while painting.

A lively study

Anyone who describes Stevenson as "a master phrase-maker whose prose has the delicacy and sheen of finely wrought silver" has the perception to turn *A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL* (*Jarrollds*. 12s. 6d.)

into something more than a catalogue of 340 pages. This is S. D. Neill's feat. She is described as "an Extension Lecturer in the University of London" with "long experience in the general field of Adult Education." But nobody need take fright by the forbidding prospect this last phrase calls up. Her opinions are not laid down as dogma—even Joyce, who most of all tempts the didactic tongue, is approached cautiously as a genius "with a certain hollowness at the core of his creation." Her book can therefore be read for fun; no spectral improver of knowledge jogs the elbow. And even Lady Catherine de Bourgh could commend the industry, though not the spelling of her surname.

Another Elizabethan

The Professor of English Literature in the Sorbonne is no academic spectre either, to force the interest in CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (*Chatto & Windus*. 10s. 6d.). Michel Poirier thanks "Mr. C. Day Lewis for having kindly consented to read my manuscript and for suggesting many improvements" but of a translator there is no mention. So, in addition to a survey which includes not only biography, but chapters on "The Man and his Ideas", "Apprenticeship", "Marlowe the Poet" and those on the plays, the author has clothed his wide knowledge of the subject in stately and appropriate English. He thinks Marlowe's "genius has won for him a place beside Sidney, Keats and Shelley, in that little company of poets who, beloved of the gods, died young," but that: "Unlike Shakespeare's, his plays can no longer bear the test of performance."

A word to Sir Laurence

Perhaps one of the reasons for this is supplied by Ronald Watkins in ON PRODUCING SHAKESPEARE (*Michael Joseph*. 21s.) when he says: "It is Shakespeare's constant habit to see his theme in the setting of his playhouse:

he does not write *in vacuo* (as might perhaps be said of Marlowe in *Tamburlaine*)—he is always the practical man of the theatre." Here is another absorbing book which provides a whole range of ideas for the playgoer's, no less than the producer's, consideration. The author of *Moonlight at the Globe* has already prepared us for his belief that the only right way to produce the plays is Shakespeare's way. The Globe theatre, in his mind's-eye reconstruction, puts the dramatist's intentions and instructions—his poet's stagecraft—in scene rotation, speech rhythms, characterization, and creation in words of atmosphere, and of action itself—into glorious action. The Chapter "*Macbeth* at the Globe" goes through the play with "the only prompt book", the Folio text, and the exits and entrances take on a new and intelligible significance. We are persuaded that "the wonderful detail of Shakespeare's stagecraft is waiting still to be revealed," while staying grateful for what we have.

Enchanted isle

And now, from the smell of grease-paint to a few lines in the open air with Charles I, Tennyson, J. B. Priestley, Queen Victoria and Keats (and my maternal relatives and forbears). As is to be expected, the illustrations, in number and excellence, both recall and invite to THE ISLE OF WIGHT by R. L. P. and M. Jowitt (*Batsford*. 8s. 6d.). Its history here for once takes a fair share along with the scenery, and gives a clue to the sturdy outlook of the islanders. In this most comprehensive book incidents are recounted too which have come into the family saga category; the chapter on "The coast from St. Catherine's to Bembridge" tells of wrecks, and especially of the one that harrowed my youth. A tiny child, who is now my mother, fetched from afternoon Sunday School in a high wind, learned that the *Eurydice* had gone down with 298 people in sight of the helpless people on the shore.

GRACE BANYARD.